THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 38

TO REST.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Daylight has gone from her dwelling,
Robed in her fairest array,
Flowers have folded their petals,
Closed by the kisses of day.

Sombre and slow in her footsteps
Creeps on her sister—the night,
Hiding 'neath star-studded mantle
Gems of the morning, so bright.

Songs that have risen and faded
Sound once again to me clear,
Words that had truth for their burden
Come to my heart waiting here.

Sing them, my love, in the twilight,
All the dear songs that I know,
Youth-time, and passion, and love-time,
Greeting me all in their flow.

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNTIL the first two cold hours of the day had passed away, Rosalie Redferne lay tossing wearily on her pillows.

She could hardly have told what kept her awake—she who usually slept so soundly as a child.

She dreaded and shrank away from the morrow, Durward, and everything which to morrow embodied; but she had accepted her fate, and it was not of that she was thinking as she lay watching the stars. Her thoughts were more of the past than of the future: more of what had been than of what would be; far more of Dermot, the dark-eyed boy whom she had tormented, teased, petted, and quarrelled with, than of Durward, whom she had quite made up her mind she must marry when he should ask her.

It chilled her to think how happy that last week had been—the week with which Durward had had nothing whatever to do—the week when she and Dermot had been together almost all the time, and had quarrelled and made it up again more times than she could count. For it had come to that—that they quarrelled half in jest for the sake of making it up again wholly in earnest.

And so Rosalie lay and thought of it, and the lagging night crept on, and she was sleepless, alert, brooding, dreading still.

How long the time was! she thought, raising herself upon her elbow to listen. It was terrible to lie there alone, when every faint stealthy sound with which the night is prolific seemed fraught with a mystic threatening meaning of its own.

Perhaps Cordelia was lying awake too; she often did lie sleepless through these long winter night; she would go to her—would talk to her.

Hearing of Ross Braithwaite, and what she well knew already, that her marriage with Durward Musgrave would at least ensure his sister's long-delayed happiness, would be better a thousand times than this and might even comfort her.

The old room was so bright in the starlight that she needed no lamp or candle; she could see her crimson dressing-gown—a vivid patch of color upon the polished oaken floor—and her slippers were found almost as easily.

Then she softly opened her own door, and tapped lightly at Cordelia's. No answer was returned; she must be asleep after all, the girl thought, and, presently venturing to turn the handle softly, she saw her lying in sound slumber, her loosened hair streaming about her, the pale light from the narrow window shining upon her face.

Rosalie stood hesitating, shivering in the frosty air which crept up the turret stairs. She could not, she felt, go back to her room to wear out the rest of the night in sleepless watching for the morning; and yet it would be cruel to disturb Cordelia, sleeping so placidly, with a smile upon her pretty lips.

What should she do? Her dread of the great silent sleeping house was not, just then, half so strong as the dread of her own room, where she had watched the slow death of so many lingering hours.

She stood by her door trembling, fearing to re-enter, almost afraid of herself as the only creature awake and watching beneath that strange roof.

A thought occurred to her. Too sorrowful and troubled to sleep, too restless to read, she could yet work, perhaps.

The Christmas gift that she was working for Cordelia, a dainty hand-screen, was lying just where she had tossed it, on the couch in the sitting room, with the little packet of silk which Dermot had dropped into her lap.

She would fetch it, she decided, glancing about her, first down the shadowy winding stairs, and then around her on the landing; for although she hesitated to go down with no light but that of the stars to guide her, she could not overcome her reluctance to enter her room.

A faint gleam of light caught her eye. On a carved bracket, in a recess at the first curve of the stairs, an antique brass lamp was standing, but the wick was flickering in its socket, for the oil was burning very low.

Surely, though, its light would last a few moments longer—long enough for her purpose. She took it and passed down swiftly and lightly—there was no fear of those ancient stones vibrating beneath her dainty feet.

Down the stairs, across the broad hall of the eastern tower, through the chilly winding passages, the little figure flitted swiftly, much as the ghost of the dead-and gone Rosalie might have done.

Like a sudden breath-depriving blow, the memory of the legend came to her for the first time that night, and at the entrance to the central hall she stopped, an icy chill seeming to check the very throbbing of her heart.

No sound, no sight; dense blackness, dead silence. Stay! Was that a stealthy step—a distant rustle of a dreadful immaterial robe?

Did that massive door move as though spectral fingers touched it? Was there a dim mysterious something, vague and white, taking terrible shape in the dense darkness upon which her eyes were strained? Yes; for it moved, advanced, its eyes glared upon her—terrible, menacing; another instant its skeleton fingers would be at her throat.

A scream of terror, loud and thrilling, broke from the girl's lips; the lamp fell crashing upon the stones at her feet, and she turned wildly, blindly, to fly. But strength and sight failed her together, and with another cry she fell, her last shriek mingling with the crash of a heavy-closing door.

* * * * * *

With a faint weak feeling, a sudden breathless gasp, and a wild tumultuous throbbing of every pulse, Rosalie opened her eyes again. Warmth and light were around her and somebody close to her side gave a quick exclamation of relief as her eyelids slowly unclosed.

Where was she? She looked about her, wonderingly. Surely in Cordelia's familiar sitting-room, and in the great throne-like chair which she always called hers, drawn up in the glow of the fire.

Who had brought her there? What did it all mean? She turned her head slightly, and uttered a low exclamation of amazement as she saw Dermot standing and looking down at her. She tried to whisper his name, but she could only look at him in bewilderment.

"All right," he said gently, and smiled at her. "You're all right now—don't be frightened! Drink this—you'd better do it than try any more fainting games, you know." He added this because she shrank with a gesture of repugnance from the brandy-flask which he offered her. "That's better. You'll be all right in a minute or two, and then the sooner you're up-stairs the better."

"Did you find me?" she questioned, pushing back her scattered curls as she looked at him. "How was it? Tell me!" She shivered as she glanced about her. "I—I did not know that you were awake too, Dermot."

"I wasn't," he said bluntly. "I was asleep, that's just how it was. I didn't feel inclined for bed when the rest of you went, and so came in here and made up a jolly good fire, thinking I'd just have a smoke till I got sleepy. Of course what I did was to fall off as sound as a church before I knew it. And I should have been asleep now, no doubt, if you hadn't screamed quite so loud. I jumped up, thinking the house was coming down about my ears, I can tell you, and a fine turn it gave me to see you lying there in the great hall yonder, in a dead faint! I wonder you didn't hurt yourself crashing down upon those stones. What fancy took you prowling about the old house in the middle of the night like a little ghost?"

"Dermot, I saw it!"

"Eh? Saw what?"

"The ghost!"

"Pooh!" he ejaculated contemptuously.

"But I did—I did! Oh, Dermot, I did!" She reiterated the words with passionate earnestness; the hand she laid upon his arm was cold and trembling. "Oh, don't laugh at me!" she cried entreatingly, "It is cruel!"

"Of course I won't laugh at you." He had been desperately near laughing, so very difficult to awe and frighten was this practical young man, but now in a moment he was edifyingly solemn. "It isn't likely I'm going to laugh at you," he declared, and added comfortingly, "Come—tell me how it was? Don't be long, though; you'll catch your death of cold down here."

"I could not sleep," Rosalie whispered, glancing about her fearfully; "and I got so restless that I couldn't bear to stay in my room. So I thought I would come down here and get my work just to pass away the time. I came down, and, Dermot, in the great hall, at the end door that leads to the west tower, just as Cordelia told me, I saw it standing!"

"Oh, that's it—I thought as much!" Dermot ran his fingers through his curly hair discontentedly, very much inclined to break his promise and laugh, but much too regardful of her feelings to do so. "I do wish Cordelia would keep that goblin rubbish to herself," he declared crossly. "It's too bad to scare a little bit of a thing like you half into fits with it. I told you ever so long ago not to listen to it—now, didn't I? You didn't see any ghost, you know. It's fancy, that's what it is!"

"Fancy!" echoed Rosalie indignantly. Just then she would have liked to box his ears, if only because he looked so contemptuously and comfortably convinced and cool about it.

"Of course it is! Now look here—you go off to bed with your head full of all this spectral stuff, and of course you begin to dream about it. You may dream of anything under the sun if you only get your head full enough of it before you go to sleep. Then you wake up and begin to think about it. Then you get restless and come down here, just ready to squeal out if you see a blackbeetle or hear a mouse; and what's the result? You catch sight of some shadow or other, which the light of your lamp throws in some corner—there never was such another old barrack for shadows and corners as this place—think in a minute of Cordelia's rigmarole, think it's a ghost, or a spectre, or a wraith, or whatever you like to call it—they all belong to the same breed, I suppose, and a nice lot they are! You scream, rush away, drop your lamp, and tumble down in a faint. That's the way of it!"

He looked so perfectly satisfied with the unimpeachability of this exposition of the case that for a moment the girl eyed him almost doubtfully. Then she shuddered, and shook her head

"It was no fancy, Dermot; I know it was not—I feel it. It was too real for that—too dreadful. I think I almost heard it breathe, and the rustle its dress made. And the door slammed—I heard it all, Dermot."

"Well then, you know," Dermot returned, "it wasn't a ghost—that's all about that."

"What do you mean?"

"Ghosts don't slam doors. A ghost that's worth anything just hops through the keyhole or slips through the crack—that's what he does. You're worse than Cordelia. She didn't make hers do that."

His inclination to laugh was getting too much for him; he was hardly thinking at all of what he said; she looked so pretty and sweet, he thought, with golden hair all in a loose glittering tangle about her—he had never known before how long and thick and bright it was.

Her blue eyes were fixed upon his face ponderingly, and she shook her pretty head again.

"I saw it," she said positively—"I saw it! Oh, Dermot, do you think I should have fainted for nothing—that I would stay here and talk like this for nothing?"

"No—no," he returned soothingly; "of course I know you think you saw it, and were most awfully scared. I should be blind if I didn't see that. I only say that it was fancy—that's all."

"What did it look like?" he questioned grudgingly.

"Oh, I can't tell you! I only know that it was horrible—and white."

"Of course it was!" Dermot grumbled resignedly. "All the crew are of one pattern, it seems. If only I could hit upon a ghost dressed in red or green for a change, I'd be apt to believe in him myself."

"Ah," said Rosalie, rising from her chair, and looking up at him solemnly—"you say so now! But one of these days you will see it too, perhaps and you'll believe it then, no doubt."

"I'll lay it pretty effectually if ever I get hold of it," he returned irreverently. "You'd better go up-stairs now, hadn't you? It's awfully cold down here for you, and it must be close on three o'clock."

"Yes!" She blushed, becoming for the first time fairly conscious of her little bare feet thrust into slippers, her red dressing-gown, and streaming hair. "But," she faltered—"but"—and glanced from the darkened doorway back at him appealingly. He understood at once.

"Of course I'll come with you," he said,

lighting the little brass lamp which she had dropped upon the stones, and then, passing silently out of the room, they walked softly and cautiously to the top of the winding staircase in the eastern turret.

"Good night!" said Rosalie then, pausing outside her half-open door.

"Good night!" returned Dermot.

He had put down the lamp upon a little projecting bracket in the wall, and so was able to take the hand she held out in both of his.

Her fingers were very cold and trembling; but his were warm and firm. Both spoke softly, remembering that Cordelia slept close at hand.

"I—I—have not thanked you yet," said the girl, faltering, "and I must, for you were very kind not to laugh at me."

She cast a scared look over her shoulder; she was terribly unutterably afraid of that sombre darkened room. Dermot saw it, and said gently—

"You don't like to be by yourself, do you?"

"Oh, no, no! I cannot—dare not!" she cried, in a sudden paroxysm of terror. "I can see the horrible thing now! I should go mad!"

"Poor little thing!" he said in a tone of genuine pity which did him credit, considering how utterably unable he was to understand or sympathise with her panic. "I'll tell you what then—you go in to Cordelia and wake her. She'll take care of you."

"No; I don't want to do that. She would ask what was the matter, and I should frighten and upset her so." She shuddered again. "Oh, I wish it were morning! This is a dreadful house!"

"The house is all right—it's the people in it that make such geese of themselves," Dermot retorted with usual lack of ceremony. "Well, look here then—if you're so frightened, I'll stop out here till it gets light. You'll feel safe enough then, won't you?"

"Oh, yes—but I don't like you to do that! You will be so cold."

"Rubbish!—that won't hurt me. You took your door and bolt it, and all that, and try to go to sleep. If you get scared again, call out, and I'll wake up Cordelia."

"You are sure you don't mind," she said hesitating, but obviously very much comforted.

"What is there to mind?"

"And you really will stay out here until morning?"

"Didn't I say I would?" he retorted stolidly.

"Yes, yes; I know you will when you say so. It is very good of you to take so much trouble about me when I know what a little simpleton you think me, and that I've so often been dreadfully rude and disagreeable to you. But I won't be again, indeed. Good night!"

She held out her hand to him again, looking up at him as he took it; and then suddenly Dermot, instead of merely saying "Good-night," had taken her into his arms and held her there in an eager warm embrace, murmuring into her ears some fond and foolish words about it being all right now; he would take care of her; and "You mustn't cry, darling;" and had even kissed her.

And then Rosalie, more frightened than ever, was looked into her room with the dreadful consciousness upon her that Dermot's kiss had only been half of that swift breathless transaction outside the oaken panels of her door, that it was all her fault, not his, that to-morrow was now more terrible than ever.

And Dermot, shut out on the great cold landing-place in the same instant that she slipped, liked a scared bird, out of his arms, stood for a moment quite still, and was as dazed as he had been when her cry had awakened him a half an hour since.

He could not grasp all the possibilities which it had opened, the sensations which it had stirred—that first warm shy quivering touch of her lips upon his, it had been a revelation, not the first she had given him, but sweeter, clearer, plainer, not to be mistaken now.

All inclination to laugh passed away, and he was awed, he looked at her door reverently, doing unconscious homage at the shrine of his divinity.

He felt no inclination to sleep, no wish to leave his post; it was something to be near her. He was longing for the morning, for the time when he should see her again, and hear from her—what he hardly know, but something which should make this glorious glimpse of a new life a blissful reality.

He waited there with stolid patience, until the lagging night was lost in the pale dawn, and only left her door at last when the eastern sky was bright with the first light of the coming day.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY DEAR child, how pale you are! No wonder you could not come down to breakfast. Poor little thing! Does your head ache?"

"No, Cordelia."

"I am afraid it does. Did you not sleep well?"

"Not very well."

"You look quite ill. It is a pity you got up, dear. Lie down again."

"No; I couldn't sleep. I'll come down, Cordelia. I would rather."

But Rosalie did not rise from the crouching position on the rug before the great wood fire which was roaring up the chimney in her turret room.

Cordelia had found her in just that position when, affectionately anxious at the non-appearance at the breakfast table, she had come up to see what ailed her little companion.

Nothing was the matter with her, Rosalie declared—nothing at all; but her face was so pale and her eyes were so dull and heavy that Miss Musgrave doubted that.

"Why, you look like a little nun, Rosy," said Cordelia, with a caressing touch upon the golden head.

"Do I?"

"Yes, in this straight black gown, and with all your curls brushed out so mercilessly. One would think that you had just made up your mind formally to renounce the world and take the veil."

"Perhaps I have."

The girl spoke coldly, almost bitterly; she resented the smile with which Cordelia replied to her—resented the unusual flush upon her face, her brighter eyes, her brighter eyes, her unusual appearance of youth and happiness.

She had resented it often in the past week but never so angrily and jealously as she did now.

"I am glad you will come down, dear," said Miss Musgrave with another gentle touch upon the smooth little head. "There is somebody down there who is longing to see you. He has been teasing me to come up to you for the last half hour."

"I—I thought I heard him go out," stammered Rosalie.

"Go out, my dear in such weather as this—after being so ill, too! What can you be thinking of? It was Dermot who went out, and I wish he had not, for it is threatening snow. But how could you think that Durward would go?"

A blush crimsoned the girl's cheek; she compressed her lips, and hastily averted her eyes from Cordelia's involuntary glance of curiosity.

It was dreadful that she must thus think of Dermot, and always as he had looked when her scared eyes had caught that glimpse of his face last night before she had closed her door upon him—it was even more dreadful to shrink so from even remembering Durward. But she must think of him, she would speak to him. Had she not made up her mind? Was that fond eager whisper, that one swift kiss, to break down all her resolution?

"Is he—Durward—better, Cordelia?"

"Much better, fortunately, dear—almost himself."

"And he wants to see me?"

"Don't you know he does, Rosalie?"

"Yes." The girl rose, placed her small cold hands round Miss Musgrave's neck, and looked solemnly into her dark serious eyes.

"You'll be very happy soon, Cordelia—won't you," she whispered eagerly and rapidly—"quite happy when you marry Mr. Braithwaite? Yes, I'm sure you will, and I am so glad to know that, because you have never been really happy in all your life—have you? And I always have. I'll go down to Durward now, and say what he wants me to say. I must say it—mustn't I? I can't help it. Don't come with me—I'll go by myself."

And in a moment she had hurried out of the room.

She ran down the stairs, and in the hall passed Sir Dunston without ever seeing him.

She was eager—feverishly anxious to "get it over," as she phrased it. She pushed open the door of the breakfast-room resolutely, and walked straight up to Durward's chair.

He looked very ill, so worn, pale, and haggard, his usual aspect of delicacy and fragility was so intensified, that as her eyes rested upon him a sense of compunction came over the girl, and she almost softened to him in pity.

The next moment he had opened his eyes, and was looking at her, so coldly and sourly that the feeling was lost in one of resentful impatience.

"So you have come at last!" he said fretfully. "You might have hurried a little, I think."

"I did not know you wanted me till Cordelia told me."

"You might have known it if you had chosen."

Rosalie bit her lip, she did not want to display any feeling of anger. In the high strung condition in which her nerves just then were, she was not disposed to take this kind of reception meekly, and it was only after a struggle that she managed to say gently:

"I hope you are better?"

"One would think you didn't care a straw about it one way or the other," he retorted fractiously; "seeing that I have been shut up like a prisoner for the past week or more, driven mad by dulness, and bored to death, and you have never troubled yourself to come near me once. That looks like wanting me to be better."

"I would have come if you had asked me, or if I had known you cared about it."

"You must have known well enough that I cared about it. I can't stand anybody's reading but yours, and I can't't read myself; it makes my eyes ache so horribly—you know that. Being boxed up alone in that abominable room without a soul to speak to was as bad as being buried alive!"

"You had Cordelia."

"You ought not to have wanted telling" declared Durward peevishly, "and you wouldn't have done it if you had cared a pin about me. Women are all alike, I think, selfish, never thinking of anything but their own whims, and you are as bad as the rest of them. I believe I might have stayed cooped up there for a month for all you would have cared. And it was all your fault that I was ill at all. You know it was," he concluded irritably, closing his eyes and turning from her.

Rosalie's pale face flushed; in all her life she never exercised such self-control as she did now subduing the passionate impulse to retort by an answer in kind and to leave him then and there.

But she thought of last night, of the legend, of Sir Dunston, of Cordelia and Ross Braithwaite, and shut her eyes, and was resigned and patient again.

"Durward," she said, moving a step forward, and softly touching him with her cold hand, "can you listen to me?"

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"You say it was my fault you were ill. I don't think it was; but, if you really think I am sorry. And I want to say that if I had more time that night in the study to think of—of everything—I might not have said what I did to excite you. I had not thought of it before. I knew nothing about it, really, until Sir Dunston gave me the legend to read. You took me by surprise—you spoke too soon—you should have given me more time."

"Does that mean that when you said 'No,' you meant 'Yes'?" He had half raised himself, a flush of excitement had risen in his thin cheeks; but he would not help her by one word. His manner was cold and careless in spite of its eagerness; and Rosalie drew back, feeling repelled and chilled again.

"If you wish it, yes," she said steadily.

"Of course I wish it—you know that. We have no choice, you and I. How can we have? But we shall be happy enough, I dare say—if you only try to consider me a little, that is—and I shall be very fond of you. I am very fond of you; no one can amuse me half so well as you can. I always said that, you know. I only wish you had said 'Yes' sensibly, instead of throwing me into such a state with your 'No.'"

He took her hand and, drawing her towards him, put his lips with some show of warmth and fondness to her cold white cheek, which for a moment crimsoned guiltily—not at his kiss, but at the memory of another.

Then still retaining her hand, he looked at her with a slight frown and a growing expression of dissatisfaction.

"How pale you are," he said. "like a ghost—one would think you were frozen! And what made you dress yourself in such an abominable way? You look ten years older with your hair all twisted up like that, and this dress that looks like a nun's. It makes me nervous to see you. Go and make yourself look as you always do, and then come and read to me. Don't be long, though; I hate being by myself."

She was turning away, humbly, obediently—she had just then no spirit to retort or rebel—who he checked her by sharply calling her name.

"Rosalie, wait a moment! Have you told Cordelia—I mean, does she know what answer you meant to give me?"

"She guesses, I think," said the girl with her head drooping.

"Because, if she doesn't know, I wish you would tell her." He turned on his pillows, with an irritable movement, and closed his eyes. "I don't want her here, plaguing me with questions and exciting me with her talk. Tell her to let Sir Dunston know too."

"Anyone else?" she asked, almost satirically.

"No," he returned sharply. "There is no one else but Dermot to tell, and it is no business of his that I know of. It is a blessing he is going away, and I only hope it may be a long time before he comes back. I wish Braithwaite joy of him—the young savage! You and Cordelia must talk about it. Don't be long."

Rosalie did not attempt to reply—words would have choked her; she rushed out of the room away from him, as she had done once before from Sir Dunston's study. Where she would have gone, what she would have done, she did not know; her one idea was to be by herself—to hide herself in some place where no one could either see or hear her; but half-way across the great hall her flight was checked, and she suddenly stood still with a faint little cry and a shiver.

She had not wanted to see Dermot, and now here he was close to her, evidently waiting for her, and there was no getting away.

She saw in her one rapid shrinking glance at him, how eager and handsome he looked then.

He had just come in, it seemed, for half-melted snowflakes were clinging still to his arms and shoulders; outside the narrow windows the snow was whirling down swift and noiseless.

In the mingled fear of him and of herself, in the absolute dread which she had of telling him, the girl caught at that subject desperately to ward off all others.

"I didn't know it was snowing," she said.

"Didn't you? Yes, it's pretty bad. We're in for another snow-up by the look of it, I fancy. It may leave off though of course." He abandoned the subject as one of no interest. "I was afraid you were ill this morning when you didn't come down."

"Oh, no—I am all right. I was lazy—that's all!"

Dermot felt checked; he almost let the little cold hand fall from his grasp. Her tone was so odd, so cold, it repelled him, and she would not look at him.

He had hoped to take things up just where that kiss had left them last night; but obviously that was not to be done. He began unwillingly to recognize the necessity for certain preliminaries, tiresome but unavoidable.

He wanted her to look up at him; if she would only do that, he felt that it would hardly be necessary to say anything at all. But no, she would not; her eyes remained obstinately cast down, her fingers shrank in the clasp of his hand; it seemed that if she only could she would run away; she would not even speak—she whose readiness of tongue had abashed him so often before.

He had forgotten that it was his turn to speak, looking at the sweet little face, but he did so at last in sheer despair, reverting to the topic which was of all others the most dreadful to her, and which he was a little afraid of himself.

"You weren't frightened again; were you," he said, "last night?"

"No."

"I thought not. I—I waited until it was almost daylight, you knew you must be asleep all right."

She could not tell him that she had lain, open-eyed and sleepless, until she heard him softly leave her door. She could only say:

"No, I was not frightened again. I was silly to be frightened at all."

"Oh, no, he said gently, "you couldn't help that, particularly after Cordelia's spinning those yarns of hers to you! I dare say I should have been frightened too, if I'd been a girl, and you must have been awfully scared to faint, poor little thing! I don't believe you did go to sleep, after all. How pale you are—and what have you done with your hair? You look like somebody else without your curls."

He put out his hand, and gently stroked her bright smooth locks—he could hardly have touched the fluttering wing of a captured bird more tenderly; but there was an air of pride and proprietorship in the simple action which horrified the girl.

She drew back from him, and forcibly pulled her hand away from his.

To go back to Durward would be more endurable than this, and she turned towards the door, but Dermot stayed her.

He was astonished and checked again, for he had meant to follow up that first little venturous caress.

"What's the matter? Where are you going?"

"To Cordelia," she faltered faintly.

"Nonsense! She doesn't want you—she's talking to Braithwaite somewhere, I expect—and I do want you. You—you—know I do, don't you?" Assault was easier than strategy, after all, he thought; he could manage the one unaided, if not the other. "I always did want you, only I was such a fool that I didn't know it until last night. But you knew it, dear, didn't you? You always know everything in half the time it takes me to understand it. What's the matter? Why do you look so scared? Why don't you look at me? I haven't made you cross have I?"

"No, no; but I can't stay, Dermot—I can't You must let me go; I must go to Cordelia. I have something very important to tell her."

The wild effort that she was making to control herself and to repel him was growing too much for her: she trembled on the verge of excited tears, of hysterical laughter; she felt helpless against the strength of the influence which seemed to be dragging her to him, making impotent her best efforts of resistance.

She would give way in another moment, and forget Durward and her just-given pledge—forget everything.

She did not dare to meet Dermot's eyes, so fond, eager, entreating, and adoring. If her touched her again, if he spoke again, she would yield, she knew it, and she made one last desperate endeavor to tell him. She repeated her last words—

"I have something to tell Cordelia, and Sir Dunston—and you."

"All of us?" He ignored Durward as completely as Durward had ignored him. "Well, tell me first, won't you? What is it?"

"Yes, I will tell you. Cordelia will guess, and Sir Dunston, but not you."

She had withdrawn still farther from him, and stood with one hand upon her throat, the other clutching at the heavy casement of the window by which she stood, and with her eyes still avoiding his.

"No," he said abruptly, "I can't guess. What is it?"

"I am going to marry Durward. He asked me, and I have promised."

"It's a lie!" cried Dermot roughly; and in one frightened glance she saw the color fade from his face and return as swiftly—saw his eyes gleam fiercely, the veins in his forehead swell, and his strong hands clench. "I don't believe it! It's a lie—a trick you're playing! If you were the most horrible little hypocrite in the world you couldn't do it—you wouldn't dare! Why do you tell such lies—just to torture me?" He strode towards her and put his hand upon her shoulder. "What do you do it for? Haven't you plagued me enough, never letting me alone until I don't care a straw for anything in the world but you? And now you must follow it up with a lie like that! Just tell me the truth."

"It is the truth."

"It is not—I'll not believe it—it's a lie! Durward—a weak puling selfish baby, who'll make you a slave to his whims and fancies, and torment and worry you with no more care than if you were a stick or stone; you can't mean it! He'd never even want to marry you but for that crazy fancy of his that he's managed to bewitch you with. He doesn't care for you—you don't care for him, and you do for me, unless you are false all through. I know you do—I saw it in your eyes last night; you are afraid to look at me now, because I should see it again. You can't look at me and say you don't care. Only do that, and I'll believe you—believe you for the most abominable, deceitful little wretch that there is in the world."

Rosalie could not speak; she was awed, frightened by the strength of the storm which she had raised in the boy whom she had petted and tormented, and who now suddenly broke his bonds and was a boy no longer, but a passionate injured man.

She attempted no denial, but sank down on her knees, and hid her face by the window-seat.

"It is true—it is true!" she gasped; and then she heard him stride away from her without another word, and the next moment the air vibrated to the violent slam of the heavy door which had crashed to behind him.

Cordelia, standing with Ross Braithwaite at one of the windows of her sitting-room, watching the softly-falling snowflakes as she talked to him, was startled when the door burst abruptly open and Dermot marched in.

At the sight of his face she cried out involuntarily:

"My dear boy, whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing!" He put away, with more roughness than he had ever before used to her, the hand she placed upon his arm. "Don't be a fool, Cordelia, there's nothing the matter with me. Look here, Mr. Braithwaite, you're going back to Scotland tomorrow aren't you?"

"By the morning train from Knairesdale."

"I wanted to say that if you're still in the mind of your offer, I've made up mine. I'll be glad to take it if you're willing to take me."

"My dear fellow, I shall be delighted. I told you so."

"Then there's no need to say anymore about it. I shall be ready when you are, sir; and thank you for your kindness."

He turned off towards the door, but Cordelia checked him.

"Where are you going, Dermot? Not out?"

"Yes I am."

"But where?"

"Over the dales to Youlmere. I saw Knabb in Mossendean yesterday, and he told me he believed he'd pretty nearly run those smuggling beggars to the earth—knew where they had stowed the whiskey, he meant. I shall go and see if there's anything in it—I'm about in the temper for it!"

"You wont climb the Scaw?"

"Very likely—must see where the scent lies. About the best thing we could do would be to catch them at their games in the Old Woman's Basket."

"But in the snow," exclaimed Cordelia, dismayed. "It is awfully dangerous Dermot"

"Confound the snow!" retorted Dermot gruffly, and then strode out of the great room.

CHAPTER XV.

THE short winter day waned, the snow had ceased to fall, and only one trail of almost obliterated footmarks was to be seen across the courtyard, where Dermot had crossed to the gate beneath the archway on his way to Youlmere. Gurth and Lady had left smaller traces of their pattering feet but the snow had soon blotted them out entirely. The old Castle stood frowning down upon the rocky vale which led to the cliff road, silent and sombre. But for the faint bluish columns of smoke which rose from its chimneys to be lost in the clear sharp rarefied air, it might have been as lifeless and deserted within as without. True, in the great kitchen old Margery and Dan scolded and hurried their various underlings with as much zeal and energy as usual; but in the distant study Sir Dunston sat half-dreaming by the fire, wondering why his secretary failed to answer his ring; and in Cordelia's sitting-room she and Ross Braithwaite found little to say to each other, being saddened by the melancholy day and by the approaching separation which to-morrow would bring them.

Durward still sat in the breakfast-room in the great cushioned chair which he had not left since the morning, sullenly dozing and fretting away the lagging hours in solitude and inaction.

The gloom of the fast-gathering twilight was making the ancient room darker; outside the windows a few large flakes were fluttering like feathers in the keen air, when the door opened and Cordelia entered softly in her long trailing velvet gown. She had a lighted lamp in her hand and put it upon the table, glancing round her with some surprise in her pensive eyes.

"Why, Durward, are you all alone?"

"Alone!" he echoed fretfully. "Can't you see I am? Of course I am! There hasn't been a soul near here for hours."

But where is Rosalie?"

"I don't know where she is."

"But I thought she was with you?" said Miss Musgrave, puzzled, and advancing to the fire.

"She isn't then, and hasn't been. I haven't caught a glimpse of her since you sent her down to me this morning, although I told her I wanted her; and she knew perfectly well that I was waiting for her to read to me. She has a headache or some fanciful ailment, I suppose, for she looked as white as a ghost, and rushed away as if I had scared her. I only wish she felt as ill as I do, neglectful selfish little thing!"

"She had a headache this morning, I know—she said so," remarked Cordelia slowly.

"Even if she has she needn't go off and leave me all to myself without a soul to speak to," retorted Durward peevishly. "But you women are all alike—as selfish as you can be! A headache! What's a headache to make such a fuss about? If her head ever throbbed like mine she might complain."

"She is likely to complain if you talk to her in this fashion!" said Cordelia, in sudden contemptuous anger. "For shame, Durward, it is you who are selfish. Any one but you would have had a little consideration for her, poor child, seeing how haggard and ill she looked. Be careful, I warn you, or you may have her taking back her word, and you would not like that. It is nearly dinner-time," she added in a changed tone; "you had better go and dress, had you not? I will go to Rosalie, but, if she feels no better, I shall advise her not to come down. Are you coming now?"

"Yes, if you will give me your arm to my room."

He spoke in a less fretful and complaining tone, and leaned so heavily upon her arm that Cordelia's tender heart softened again in pity, seeing how really weak and powerless he was. Half way across the hall of the eastern tower he walked beside her; but, when they reached the huge fire of piled-up logs, he stopped, with his hands upon his side.

"I must rest here for a little while Cordelia. I can't go on."

"But it is only such a little ways further on," she urged. "Can you not manage it?"

On account of his heart trouble, which rendered any ascent more or less dangerous; Durward's usual room was upon the ground floor; and it was only when he felt particularly strong and well that he attempted to mount the winding stairs.

He had done so on the night of his illness, and not a little of his week's confinement might be traced to the fact.

"No, I can't—I must rest. You don't know what I feel like, or you wouldn't ask me. I'll sit here for a little while—there is plenty of time before dinner yet. Don't you wait though," he added with unusual consideration, as he slowly seated himself in a great chair drawn up within the ruddy glow of the fire.

Cordelia did not wait. She left him with a word or two and ran up the winding turret stairs.

Tapping lightly at the door of Rosalie's room she entered, and, to her surprise, she found it empty!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOUND AND DISTANCE.—The conditions under which the sound of a cannon, or even the sound of a human voice, can be heard are various.

Atmospheric currents unquestionably have something to do with it, but there are local circumstances which favor or disfavor the hearing of sounds at great distances. However, the distance at which the ear distinguishes sound depends both on the intensity of the sound, the medium through which it is transmitted, and other causes. In the Polar regions Sir John Franklin said "he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile."

Sound has a greater force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in Lake Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin also says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away.

The report of cannon travels very far, because it communicates a vibration to the soil.

The cannonade of Florence was heard beyond Leghorn, about fifty-six miles off, and that of Genoa 100 miles off.

In 1672 the cannon of Mayence was heard at Tinbeck, a village 138 miles off.

When the English landed in Egypt the firing was distinctly heard 130 miles off. In 109 the booming of the cannon in Heligoland reached Hanover, a distance of 170 miles.

The greatest distance at which artificially produced sounds are known to have been heard was on Dec. 4 1833, when the cannon of Antwerp were heard in the Erzegebirge mountains, 370 miles distant.

The noises produced by an intense eruption of Mount Cotopaxi, in South America, in 1744, were heard at a distance of 600 miles.

RECENT WONDERS.—The Seven Modern Wonders of the World are variously given as 1, The Art of Printing; 2, Optical Instruments—their discovery and invention; 3, Gunpowder; 4, Steam Engine; 5, Photography; 6, Labor Saving Machinery, and 7, Electric Telegraph. They are also enumerated as, 1, The Brooklyn Bridge; 2, The Great Eastern; 3, The Suez Canal; 4, The Hoosac Tunnel; 5, The Pacific Railway; 6, The Submarine Cables, and 7, The National Park.

Bric-a-Brac.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.—Regarding the means by which they "keep their luck," Scotch fishermen have the most curious notions. None of the crew dare whistle, and all must take particular heed that no milk or burnt bread gets aboard; the crew are forbidden to talk of that unlucky animal the hare; it is only when there exists the most deadly feud between two crews that the men are wicked enough to throw a dead one into an enemy's boat when there is a chance.

SHERIFFS.—In one of the rooms in the Tower of London there are kept six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, in compliance with an old law. The sheriffs of the city were formerly compelled, when they were sworn in, to count these, as a proof of their education; as in the time of Edward II., when this usage began, only well-educated men could count to sixty-one. Another requirement was in proof of strength the new sheriff should cut a bundle of sticks; and the same knife has always been used, and is still in existence, but in place of sticks a bundle of matches are now made to answer the purpose.

TIME AND FLOWERS.—A clock recently patented in France is an imitation of a tamborine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding with the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers, the small bee runs rapidly form one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to complete the circuit. The parchment circuit is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it, but two magnets connected with the clock-work inside the tamborine move just under the membrane and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

THE FIG-TREE.—In Latin myths the fig-tree was held sacred to Bacchus, and employed in religious ceremonies. A tree of this variety is said to have overshadowed Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, in the wolf's cave. The sacred fig is chiefly planted in India as a religious object, being regarded as sacred by both Brahmas and Buddhists. A gigantic tree of this variety, growing in Ceylon, is said to be one of the oldest trees in this world, and, if tradition is to be trusted it grew from a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha became endued with divine powers, and has always been held in the highest veneration.

QUEER CLOCKS.—About one hundred years ago a man named Droz made a very curious clock. Upon the top sat a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck the negro played six tunes on a flute, and the dog moved towards him as though glad to see him. The Swiss watchmakers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving towards the given hour the peg for that hour drops. The person finds the peg is down, and then counts back to twelve. Catherine I., of Russia, had a musical watch. In the interior was the Holy Sepulchre and the Roman guard. By touching a spring the stones moved away from the door of the sepulchre, the guard kneeled down, angels appeared, and the holy woman stepped into the tomb, and sang the Easter song of the Russian churches.

ENGLISH LAWYERS.—The fact that members of the Inns of Law were held to be servants of the Crown is still felt. It is an article of Magna Charta that justice shall not be sold, and a king's servant could not receive payment for aiding a subject to receive the benefit of the law. Even at the present day a barrister cannot recover by an action at law any fee to which he may be morally entitled. Formerly the money was dropped, as if secretely into the hood of the gown, whereas now a member adopts the more open method of refusing to go into court until his clerk has received the fee marked upon his brief. Queen Mary appears to have been the first to give attention to the dress of the students at law. She regulated their hose; while her successor, Elizabeth, insisted upon beards, ruffs, and curled hair, and forbade the wearing of swords. The black gown is a relic of the ecclesiastic element that once prevailed in the courts of law, and the horsehair wig, which a reforming Chancellor may one day sweep away, is a survival of the time when men were ashamed to wear their natural hair.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.

THE BREAKING LIGHT.

BY J. G. W.

Oh, sometimes glimpses on my sight
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step since time began,
I see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad;
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID."

"MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

IT died away in a low, floating harmony, and then and not till then the applause broke out.

She went off the stage while the roar still rang through the house, and cries of "encore" resounded more loudly than before.

Mr. Stapleson came up to the wings, surrounded by a small crowd; and caught her hand.

"My dear young lady!" was all he could say.

"Encore! encore!" shouted, roared, shrieked the audience.

"Go on again—sing it again," he said, mopping his forehead; but Mrs. Berry held her arm.

"No, sir. She has a hard night's work,—a heavy heart. Let them wait; they will be all the better pleased later on!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Stapleson, amidst the din; "what do you say, Miss Howard? It all rests with you,—your word is law! Sit down. A chair here, some of you! Confound it, why don't you bring a chair! Will you, sing it again?"

"I will do as Mrs. Berry advises," said Iris; "but—" she blushed—"if they encore Paul's song I will sing that again, yes, and again."

He had limped upstairs in time to hear her, and it was a sight to see the tears standing in his eyes.

"Oh, Mabel!" he exclaimed, but Mr. Stapleson drove him away.

"Now, none of that, Paul! Quiet, all of you. I can't and won't have her upset! You can do what you like when the curtain is down on the last act, but I won't have her upset now. Go downstairs, Miss Howard. Take care of her, Mrs. Berry."

Mrs. Berry laughed as she led the way to Iris's dressing-room to change her dress for the black prison one.

"I never saw Mr. Stapleson so delighted and considerate," she said.

"You think he is pleased?" said Iris, who scarcely as yet realized the extent of the satisfaction she had given.

"Pleased! Yes, indeed. But I'm glad you take it so sensibly, my dear," she added. "The play is not over yet. I've seen audiences mad with delight at the first act, and mad with anger at the last. Not that I think that will be the case to-night, but you are wise to keep cool and within yourself."

But though she spoke so discreetly, Mrs. Berry herself was trembling in delight, for Iris's modest demeanor had charmed her, and completed her conquest of the old actress's heart.

In the front of the house the debutante was being discussed with the greatest eagerness.

Critics gathered round the bar in the refreshment saloon and conversed in grave undertones, while fashionable notorieties were already prophesying that Miss Mabel Howard would be the success of the season.

Her Grace the Duchess of Rosedale was in a private box, and was quite elated at the impression Miss Howard had made.

"I discovered her!" she said with a smile. "I wonder who she is? Do somebody go and find out."

"We have been trying to find out for the last two months, your grace," said a gentleman standing by her chair, "and not one of us can discover anything. The 'fair incognito' is the name we have given her."

"She is a lady be she whoever and what else she may," said her grace with quiet decision. "Did I tell you how I found her sitting in the drawing-room, behind the curtains, and mistook her for one of the visitors?"

The second act commenced, and the audience settled in their places with pleased and eager expectation.

It has been more than hinted that "The Imprisoned Princess" was not by any means a perfect opera, but the audience would have endured a much worse under the inducement of seeing and hearing Mabel Howard.

The prison scene opened; a moonlit stage, from which the sombre walls rose gaunt and grim.

There was a chorus of peasant girls, a sort of dirge, introduced no one knew why, but it was pretty, and prepared the way for the tenor's serenade and the song Iris had to sing in response, the song to which Paul had composed the music.

The tenor had plucked up his best spirits under the inspiriting influence of success, and sang remarkably well, but the audience did not give him an encore; they were too anxious to hear the princess's response.

Suddenly, at the large, iron-barred window upon which the moonlight was streaming, Iris appeared.

There was a sound of applause, but it was hushed instantly as her sweet, clear voice rose with the first notes of the plaintive melody.

With her white hands clasped on the bar, her beautiful face upturned to the moon, she sang as if her heart were in every word.

It was art concealing art, the truest kind of art, and to the eyes of not a few tears rose and dimmed the view of the exquisite face with its touching expression of sorrow and resignation.

Paul sat and gazed at her, and his bow hung motionless in his hand.

It was his music she was singing, and he knew that she was forgetting everything but that while she was singing, and that it was just this forgetfulness which made the whole thing perfect.

The moment the last note had died away there arose a perfect storm of applause.

Men who were wont usually to sit in cynical, blase indifference, clapped and cried "Bravo!" ladies leant forward and waved their handkerchiefs; and from all parts of the house rose the cry of "encore" which denied refusal.

Iris, as she stood with the brilliant house swimming in the yellow haze that rose from the footlights, thought of the boy sitting in his place in the orchestra, and, for the first time since the night of her father's death, a glow of happiness suffused her sorrow-laden heart.

She glanced down at the hand, and she saw Paul bending forward, with both his hands clasped before his face. He was weeping with sheer joy.

She sang the song again, even more perfectly than at first, and the house was not contented; Mrs. Berry, who stood just below her, and, of course, out of sight, whispered, "Sing the verse again," and she did so, then glided from the window.

But the partial view of her, and her swift disappearance, did not satisfy the audience, and they shouted her name; the uproar completely stopped the action of the scene, and the tenor stood for a moment perplexed and slightly bewildered; then, with all an actor's grace, he stepped to the wings, and, before Iris quite knew what he was doing, he had led her on to the stage, and down to the footlights.

A storm of approbation greeted her, and the duchess, leaning forward, raised her bouquet and tossed it at her feet.

It was the signal for a general ovation, and half-a-dozen other ladies followed suit with their bouquets, and soon the poor tenor had his hands full.

This pleased the audience, and they broke out into fresh plaudits, amidst which Iris, bowing thrice, disappeared.

The greatest excitement reigned behind the scenes, and as Iris made her way to her room she passed through a lane of spectators, who clapped as heartily as the people in front had done.

It was a success without a flaw, and it needed only the crowning point of the last act to make it a perfect edifice of triumph. In this act she had to display a joyousness and brightness which would form a striking contrast to the sadness of the first two, and in this act it would be seen whether she was really as great an actress as she was a singer.

Mrs. Berry was wild with delight, but she had her doubts about the last act.

Would Iris be able to dispel the melancholy which seemed to rest upon and overshadow her?

Even at the moment as she was arranging the magnificent dress, she noticed that the shadow was creeping over Iris's beautiful face, and she talked quickly and gaily to dispel it.

"All this has been very trying and wearing, my dear," she said, "but you must not break down. You will want all your strength for the business in the last scene. You ought to be, and to look, happy, with this wonderful triumph. I am an old stage hand, but I never saw anything like it since Patti's first appearance. Come now, you must take a glass of wine."

But Iris shook her head, and the shadow on her face grew darker.

In the midst of the mad excitement, a voice had seemed to whisper to her—"Of what avail is it to you? You have lost all that can make life worth living, and though your praises ring from one end of the world to the other, they cannot give you back any one of the things that have vanished from you for ever; father—home—the man you love!"

"My dear, my dear!" said poor Mrs. Berry, "why do you look so sad? You ought to be brimming over with delight! Aren't you glad that you have succeeded so wonderfully?"

"Yes," said Iris, rousing herself, "oh, yes! How kind every one has been, and forgive me—I—I was thinking—" she stopped short, and her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Berry looked aghast with dismay. If this mood lasted the act was doomed! At that moment there came a knock at the door, and Paul was admitted.

With a cry he limped forward and threw himself at Iris's knee.

"Oh, Mabel—dear, dear Mabel!" he cried. "Oh, what can I say to you?—how can I tell you how grateful I am? My heart seems bursting!" and he pressed his tiny hand to his side as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Mabel—my song! It seemed as if an angel were singing it! And they are all talking about it, and some of them have sent for me to come to them after the performance; and, Mabel, it is all you,—all you!"

Iris bent over him and smoothed the golden hair from his forehead.

"Has it made you so happy, Paul?" she murmured; "then I will be happy, too, dear! But it is no wonder they are talking about you; it was your song, not me, or my poor voice. Oh, Paul, don't talk of gratitude to me; it is I who should be, and am—yes, I am!—grateful to you!" and she rose alert and cheerful again.

Mrs. Berry pushed him out gently.

"You have worked a charm, Paul!" she whispered. "Go away now, or you'll undo all the good you have done. You have made a good many people happy to-night, my dear," she said to Iris; "but none of them so happy as Paul Foster!"

"Then I have done some good!" said Iris, and the smile Mrs. Berry had been waiting for broke over her face.

Mrs. Berry with simple cunning, continued talking about Paul until the call boy came, then hurried her to the wings.

The orchestra was playing a brilliant wedding march, a gaily-dressed crowd of peasants were singing a blithesome chorus, awaiting the bride.

The cue came, and Iris stepped on to the stage.

Her appearance in the magnificent dress smote the audience with a fresh delight, and when she sang her solo, and then glided into the final duet with the bridegroom, the applause which broke out seemed to surpass all the former plaudits.

It was a perfect hurricane, an ovation which a veteran might have been proud of. Men and women rose in their seats, the former clapping and shouting "Bravo!" the latter waving pocket handkerchiefs. Bouquets were passed from the back of the stalls and the boxes to gentlemen near enough to the stage to throw them at Iris's feet; and to one loud shout for her recall the curtain went down.

There were cries for the manager, and Mr. Stapleson, his big face one substantial smile, took her by the hand and led her on. He kept her for a moment in front of the curtain,—so long that Iris's face grew rosered, for she could see the shouting crowd now quite plainly,—then slowly, and with obvious reluctance, he led her away.

Author, composer, actors, and artists were called, and when at last the audience consented to leave the theatre, they did so with her name upon their lips,—her success was complete!

She stood the centre of an enthusiastic crowd of actors and chorus singers, a faint smile upon her pale face; but as they all noticed, and remarked afterwards, perfectly calm and self-possessed, until Mr. Stapleson came up and with his elaborate bow, said,—

"Miss Howard, on my own behalf and that of my company, I thank you! I say nothing in the way of congratulations, for that"—and he waved his hand—"would be superfluous with my theatre still echoing the wonderful applause which has been showered upon you to-night; but I must say, in simple words, that lavish as that applause has been, it has been justly earned! Miss Howard, you have a beautiful voice, and you were born an actress; and the fact that your first appearance was on the boards of the Lyric, will ever be a source of pride to me. Ladies and gentlemen, I call for a cheer for Miss Mabel Howard!"

It was given most heartily, and not until she had shaken hands with a score or so of them did Iris escape to her own room.

When she was dressed, Mr. Stapleson stood at the door waiting for her.

"You are tired to-night, Miss Howard," he said, "and I will not trouble you with business; but, if you will permit me to call upon you to-morrow morning, I shall have the pleasure of making you an offer which I trust you will not consider an unreasonable or inadequate one. I think I may say that you can trust me."

"Indeed I can!" said Iris holding out her hand. "I am tired, but not too tired, Mr. Stapleson, to thank you and all the rest for your kindness to me. If I have succeeded to-night in the task I so rashly undertook, it is all owing to the pains you have taken to teach me. I shall never forget your kindness!"

Mr. Stapleson escorted her to the cab which was in waiting, and went back to the rest, apparently too amazed for speech. At last he broke out with:

"Well, wonders will never cease! I did think I knew all the ropes in my line of business, but I've secured a successful actress who doesn't think it's all her own doing, and isn't too proud to admit that somebody else may have had some share in it. It's a heavy blow! Somebody get me a glass of whiskey, for it's completely bowled me over."

"Miss Howard is a lady," said Mrs. Berry, who was standing within hearing.

"That's it, I suppose!" he assented. "Well, I said she could trust me, and so she can! She shan't have any reason to call me stingy! Thanked us all round! Bless my soul, it's too surprising! Phew, what a night it has been! What a success! I'll bet a hundred to one 'The Imprisoned Princess' runs for two hundred nights, to say nothing of the provinces——"

"With Miss Howard in it," put in Mrs. Berry quietly.

"Of course!" he assented. "What!" sharply, "you don't think she will leave me?"

"I said just how that she was a lady," retorted Mrs. Berry. "She is not a Miss Alfrede."

"That's true; and a lady's word is as good as her bond! Tut—ah! I see, you think she will marry! That's what you are thinking of! With her face and her voice—ah, yes!" and he fell into a sudden melancholy.

"Miss Howard is one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen," said Mrs. Berry, putting on her serviceable gloves, "but I don't think she will marry."

Mr. Stapleson drew a long breath.

"Let's hope not!" he exclaimed nervously. "Well, she shall never have cause to regret her first appearance at the Lyric," and the good-hearted manager meant what he said.

It was a lovely summer night, but the air seemed cool after the heated atmosphere of the theatre, and Iris stopped Paul at the stage door to see if he was wrapped up.

The boy's face was flushed, and his large blue eyes unnaturally bright, and the hand which clasped hers tightly felt hot and feverish.

"Paul, you have nothing round your neck!" she said childingly.

He started as if from a happy dream, and looked up at her with a rapt smile.

"I am warm—to the heart, Mabel!" he murmured.

"All the more reason why you should wrap up, you careless boy!" she retorted, and she took a fleecy cloud from her arm and folded it round him.

They had paused a moment or two while she was doing this, and the cabman opened the door, a man, who had been standing in the shadow of the wall, cautiously stole near them and peered into Iris's face.

He was a tall, thin man, with dense black eyes that shone like beads in the moonlight and the hand with which he dragged his slouch hat over his eyes was white and long like a bird's claw.

One glance seemed to satisfy him, for, with a smile that showed a scar upon his temple, he drew back into the shadow and waited motionless until Iris and Paul had entered the cab.

Then he stole out stealthily, running with long strides—as a sleuth hound runs when it starts in pursuit of its prey,—he followed the cab into the Strand. Here, with a gesture, he beckoned a hansom, and jumping in, pointed to the four-wheeler.

"Follow that cab," he said distinctly. "Keep it in sight, and I'll give you—" he smiled and dropped his voice so that it was inaudible—"your proper fare! Saints and angels, what a slice of luck! The beautiful Iris a successful opera singer! She will be the rage of London! She will make her fortune! Well, well! She will not begrudge a little to an old friend—especially when that old friend knows so much! Baptiste, my child you gave them the slip just in time! Once more the goddess Fortune smiles upon you! But be prudent, be wary, my good infant! You hold good cards, Baptiste, but you must play them carefully! Yes, you must play them carefully!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE summer sun shone brightly on the Revels, making its stone facade look like Carrara marble, and turning the water of its fountains into cascades of many-colored gems.

Anyone regarding the magnificent place, brilliant in all its summer bravery, might have been excused for exclaiming, "How happy must be its possessor!" little guessing that the fortunate owner of so much wealth and splendor was one of the most melancholy and unhappy of mortals.

Lord Heron leant against the balcony of the terrace, smoking a cigar.

There were ennui and sadness not only in the expression of his handsome face, but in the very listlessness of his attitude, and he looked out upon the vista of smiling lawns and gardens and green-clad park as a man might look whose eyes rested upon a barren desert instead of as beautiful a scene as England could produce.

He stood alone on the vast terrace, and his present solitude was but symbolical of the solitude of his heart.

If he had followed his own wishes he would have been hundreds of miles away from Knighton Revels, out in the Rockies, tracking the grizzly or across the Veldt, hunting with the Kaffirs, anywhere, and at anything that might bring him forgetfulness.

But she had laid her injunction upon him. "Go to the Revels, and live for the place and people, which are now yours!" she had said, and he had obeyed her, as he would have obeyed any other command or wish she had uttered, though at a cost which Iris little guessed, for there was not a moment of the day that he was not reminded of her.

As it had been on the day of his first visit to the place, when he found her music on the piano, her gloves and scissors in the conservatory, so it was now.

She had laid her impress upon the house, and he could not fail to be conscious of it.

It was Iris, Iris everywhere, from her portrait in the picture gallery, to the very dogs in the stables, who had been wont to bound forward with delight at the sound of her voice!

He did his duty. He was lord and master of the vast place, and he reigned no faineant do-nothing, neglectful master, but a careful and conscientious one.

If he had been going to deliver it up at a stated time, he could not have administered the vast estate more carefully.

The farms were looked after, the grounds cared for, the preserves kept up, the very house and furniture cared for as if he had

been a steward who would at some time or other, sooner or later, have to render an account to an exacting master.

Yet, with all his strictness, the people soon learnt to like as well as respect him.

There was a touch of pity and respect as well as liking in their attitude towards him, for it was evident to the most careless observer that Lord Heron was not a happy man.

No one had heard him laugh since he had come back from London and taken to living at the Revels, no one had seen more than the gravest smile on his handsome face, and there was a melancholy in his dark eyes that never left them, nor lightened under any circumstances.

Alone, in solitude, he spent his days and nights, and principally in the library or in the little walled garden in which stood the sun-dial.

It was a favorite spot with him, because there he was sure of being left alone, and he gave orders that no one was to disturb him.

Many an hour he spent pacing round the trim lawn bordered with its old-time flowers, thinking of the strange fate which had given him land and houses and a vast wealth, and with the same hand robbed him of that which he counted far above all the rest—the woman he loved with a love which absorbed his whole being.

He was never tired of calling up the beautiful face as he had seen it that day she saved his life, and again as pale and wet with tears she sat beside him in the London park and bade him farewell for ever.

Every word she had uttered was graven on his heart, and he could fancy that he could hear the tones of her voice as he walked in the little garden, which they had told him was a favorite haunt of hers, and in which her presence seemed still to linger.

It is not given to ordinary men to love in this fashion; but Lord Heron was not an ordinary man.

He had passed through his early youth untouched by passion; his heart had been asleep until a glance, a word from Iris had awakened it, and the love born that morning by the stream was a love which would last till death.

The county people were, not unnaturally, very much disgusted at the mood and manner of the wealthy Earl of Coverdale.

They had, most of them, daughters to be married, and would gladly have seen one of them installed as mistress of Knighton Revels, but to all their advances Heron Coverdale remained as irresponsive as the rocks against which the sea beats, or tide laps, in vain.

He returned their calls or left a card, but the exchange of civilities ended there, and it was soon accepted as an unwelcome fact that the Earl of Coverdale desired—to be left alone!

About a couple of miles from the Revels was a small place, half cottage half villa, called the Priory, and a great deal of curiosity and interest was excited when it was known that Lord Foyle had taken it, and that he and his daughter, the beautiful Lady Lillian, intended spending the summer months there.

Lady Lilian's health had not been quite so robust as could have been wished, it was said by some, while others declared that other reasons than those connected with health had brought them down within hail of the Revels.

The Priory was a pretty place, of two stories only; the rooms were not large, but they were pleasantly situated and turned to the south sun, there was a nice verandah round the house, and plenty of flowers.

Lady Lilian had found the rooms plainly and rather barely furnished, but she had set to work and, with the help of the local upholsterer and some things from London, transformed the "best parlor" into a charming little drawing-room full of knick-knacks, and sufficiently provided with easy chairs and lounges, with some choice pictures and rose-colored curtains.

In this little room she sat, while two miles distant Lord Heron smoked his cigar on the terrace.

Lady Lilian was dressed in a morning robe of pale blue edged with a creamy lace, which fell upon her hands and nestled round her throat, making them seem all the whiter by contrast.

A French novel lay at her feet, and a large bowl of roses stood on a table beside her.

Outside the open window, under the verandah, stood the earl, smoking a cigarette.

His thin, sharp, aristocratic face wore a calculating, and not altogether satisfied expression, and under his half-lowered lids the hard gray eyes shone with a restless, irritated gleam.

Evidently he had been holding a conference with the beautiful Lilian, a conference in which she had managed to obtain the advantage, for he flung the cigarette from him with a strange compression of the lips, and said, as if resuming the conversation:

"I don't doubt your cleverness and tact, my dear Lilian, but I am afraid they will be of little use to you on this occasion."

"Thanks, papa! Cleverness and tact are always of use," she said, with a soft smile. "Talleyrand says that the emergency proves the man—he might have added woman."

"There is emergency enough now," said Lord Foyle grimly. "As I think I have told you, Lilian, I am almost at the end of my tether! My man of business wrote to me to say that no more money can be raised, and that something will have to be done. He doesn't say what the 'something' is—for the best of all reasons, I suppose; because he doesn't know. This, however, is plain, that unless you think there is a chance of succeeding in the object for which we came down to this forsaken hole ——"

Lady Lilian laughed.

"Now, papa! You can't really be serious! If ever there was a lovely spot in creation this is one, and you call it a forsaken hole!"

"I repeat, forsaken hole!" he retorted. "It may be lovely, but it is forsaken. A desert island might be beautiful enough, but I fancy that neither you nor I would find it much to our taste. There is no one down here to—to——"

"Play baccarat and ecarte with," put in Lady Lilian, with a smile.

He flushed.

"I was going to add, but I spared your sensitiveness, 'to marry!'"

"Thanks!" she said. "You are always so considerate, papa. But I think you are wrong; you forget Lord Heron."

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Heron Coverdale!" he said. "No, I have not forgotten him. I know we came down here to stalk him. And what is the result? Heron Coverdale has shut himself up in the Revels, and remains there like a hermit crab in its shell; and there he is likely to remain, for all I can see to the contrary. At any rate, he does not appear at all desirous of our company. Candidly, Lilian, I am convinced you are wasting your time. I admit that he is worth trying for—I don't know a more beautiful place than the Revels—but the man is beyond you, that is my opinion. He is wrapped up in some trouble or worry, that makes him insensible even to your charms," and the earl made a slight bow of mingled mockery and impatience.

A faint flush stole over Lady Lillian's face, and her eyes flashed under her long lashes.

"Give me a little longer, papa," she said. "I admit that Lord Coverdale is what the French call a 'little difficult,' but I don't despair. I'm sorry it is so dull for you, but couldn't you go up to town for a few days?"

"And leave you here without a chaperon?"

"Oh, I should be all safe," she said, with a soft laugh. "No one will run away with me."

He shook his head, and took out another cigarette.

"I'll give you a little longer," he said, 'but on the understanding that if he should not be persuaded to emerge from his retreat in a week, then we go back to town. After all there are other fish in the sea——"

"Yes," murmured Lady Lilian, "but if one has taken a fancy to a particular one."

Lord Foyle looked at his daughter incredulously, and with something as near a sneer as his refined nature would permit.

"Really? I had no idea."

She laughed.

"You did not credit me with that awkward physiological curiosity—a heart?" she said. "Well, call it a whim, papa. But whether it is that or anything more serious, I have set my mind upon winning Lord Coverdale."

Then after a moment's pause, she added in a very low voice:

"Don't you understand that it is just the opposition that gives the thing a zest? If he had fallen at the first shot I think it is very likely that I should have scarcely cared to stretch out my hand to secure him, but——" her eyes flashed, "it is because he sets me at defiance, and treats me with indifference, that I feel I must have him at my chariot-wheels; and I will!" she added, with quiet determination. "Go and fish, or take a ride, papa, and leave me to myself a little while."

Lord Foyle looked at her attentively for a moment, then raising his hat, walked off, with his brows knit thoughtfully.

Lady Lilian slid off the couch, and walked up and down the room with a slow, gliding motion, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes fixed on the ground.

If anyone had told her that she had fallen in love with Heron Coverdale, she would have quietly laughed the idea to scorn, and yet—and yet!

Was it ambition, or craving for wealth and power only, that supplied the motive?

With a short, sharp sigh she went upstairs, put on her outdoor things, and went out, with her book in her hand.

Taking the road that led to the Revels she ascended a hill, and stood for a few moments looking at the great pile of buildings that shone whitely in the sun.

It was a prize well worth scheming for; to be the Countess of Coverdale, and the mistress of Knighton Revels!

Then she descended the hill, and, turning to the right, made her way towards the stream, and finding a shady nook beneath some trees, sat down and opened her book, and waited patiently, for, with the aid of a good pair of glasses, she had observed from her window at the Priory that it was Lord Heron's custom to walk beside the stream about this time of the morning.

Half an hour passed, and though the book lay open in her hand, not a page had been turned; then she caught a glimpse of a tall, stalwart figure coming along the valley.

It was Heron Coverdale, with his fishing-rod.

She watched the graceful figure thoughtfully.

It was evident that he was not very intent upon the trout, for every now and then he stood, with his rod in his hand, looking moodily at the sunlit hills while the stream babbled by him unheeded.

Presently he came opposite her, and as he stepped back to throw a fly, he saw her.

He started and his face flushed for a moment; she was sitting on the very spot where Iris had stood at their first meeting.

For a second he remained motionless; then recovering himself, he raised his hat and came towards her.

Lady Lilian looked up from her book and uttered a little exclamation of surprise as he spoke.

"Oh, Lord Coverdale, is it you? You startled me! I thought, like Robinson Crusoe, I was 'monarch of all I surveyed!'"

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely, looking down on her.

She was dressed in exquisite taste, in a light soft material combining simplicity and elegance.

A straw hat with a pale blue ribbon crowned her golden head, her hair bound in a tight coil that Venus herself might have envied.

When he had last seen her she was in ball room costume, and the contrast struck and at the same time vaguely pleased him.

His conscience smote him, too. Though Lord Foyle and he were old friends, he had done nothing to welcome them to the neighborhood beyond making a formal call and, as they were not at home, leaving a card.

"What a lovely morning!" she said, tilting her straw hat from her brow. "I came here to read, but it is so beautiful that I can scarcely fix my attention on the book—which is rather a stupid one. You are fishing?"

"Yes," he said moodily.

"Let me see what you have caught," she said.

He slung the creel off his shoulder and opened the lids.

"Poor things!—how pretty they look!" she said. "But you have not got many; are they not rising?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I am not very keen this morning. How is Lord Foyle?"

"Papa? Oh, he is very well, thanks. I left him smoking his eternal cigarette and deploring the dulness of the neighborhood."

Lord Coverdale frowned involuntarily. He had certainly done nothing to make Knighton lively for his old friend.

"I am afraid he has found it dull," he said, "and I feel guilty. I ought to have called again, but——"

He stopped short. What reason could he give?

Lady Lilian laughed softly.

"Oh, please, don't," she said. "Don't think me rude, but we came down here for quiet—at least I did," and she smothered a sigh.

Lord Heron looked at her with faint curiosity.

He, with the rest of the world, had regarded Lady Lilian Foyle as a mere butterfly, basking in the sunlight of gaiety and admiration; and "quietude" and she seemed so very antagonistic!

"I cannot imagine Lady Lilian being enamored of quietude," he said, with a slight smile.

She looked up at him with a quick glance of reproach as it seemed.

"You think me the embodiment of levity, no doubt?" she said. "There is a very trite saw that says, 'Don't judge by appearances,' Lord Coverdale," then, before he could make any response, she said, "Do you know I think I could catch as many fish as you?"

"Can you throw a fly?" he said.

She laughed her musical laugh, and shot a glance of pleasant mockery at him.

"You think I can only dance and pour out tea—confess, now!" she said. "Will you lend me your rod?"

"Willingly," he replied, "and I hope you will make a better use of it than I have done."

She rose and took the rod from his hand, and they walked side by by to the clear stream.

Lady Lilian had learned to throw a fly when she was a little girl and ignorant of the world and its vanities, and as she stood, with one foot on a jutting stone, and her rod held lightly but commandingly, Lord Heron saw that she had made no vain boast.

Light as a feather the fly descended on the water, and as the line tightened he saw that she had hooked a fish.

"Shall I help you?" he said. "You have got one!"

"No, thanks," she said coolly, and playing the fish carefully, she handed it dexterously at his feet; "but you may take it off the hook, please, that is a part of the performance I don't at all like."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH ladies are freely taking advantage of the recent change of regulations by which those who have divorced their husbands may come to court, provided the Queen approves. Last week a lady was presented on her third marriage, who had got rid of both her former husbands by divorce. But her own conduct having been blameless, her name was passed by the Queen.

THE bite of the worm at the root withers the leaf at the top. Use

Warner's Log Cabin Extract

for internal and external application.

WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND.—There are many stratagems in war, and as many, it may be well said, in love as in war.

A young man of Nurembourg who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune.

The lawyer agreed. But the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had.

The lawyer said he did not know exactly but he would ask.

The next time he saw his friend he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it."

"Not for the world," said he.

"'Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I had reasons for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father he said:

"I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old man to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said in the sequel that he often shook his head when he thought of that jewel.

AT A COOKING SCHOOL.—Miss Giddy—Oh, Miss Syllabub; I've made some of the loveliest angel cake you ever saw. I'm going to cut it right away and I'll give you the first slice if you'll give one of those lovely buns I saw you making.

Miss Syllabub—Why, certainly. I shall be delighted to exchange with you! Your cake does look lovely.

(Ten minutes later.)

Teacher of School—Can any one tell me where Miss Syllabub is?

Miss Ambrosia—She was taken violently ill a moment ago and has gone home in her carriage.

Teacher—And where is Miss Giddy?

Miss Ambrosia—Oh, she fainted away just a moment ago and is lying down in the cloak room. She wishes to be excused from taking any more lessons to-day, as she is still suffering terribly.

HOPE AND UNION.—Willie and Maggie had been busy courting for two years, meeting regularly every Wednesday night in Hope Street, Glasgow. About a fortnight ago Willie, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark, "I will meet you in Hope Street next Wednesday night. Mind and be punctual."

"Deed, ay, Willie, lad," replied Mag, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "we has met a lang time noo in Hope Street, and I wist jist tainking that it was nigh time we were shifting our trysting-place further along. What would you say to Union Street?"—Willie has taken the hint and invitations are out.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"Who is H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., whose Safe Remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, have attained such success and celebrity at home and abroad?"

The question is inspired as much by affection as curiosity, since through his instrumentality hundreds of thousands, in both hemispheres, have been restored to health and happiness.

Hon. H. H. Warner, then, is a leading and honored resident of Rochester, not only, but a prominent and influential citizen of the United States. On several occasions chosen by his party as a National delegate to nominate a President of the Republic, he has been a member of the Republican State Committee and of its Executive Committee. He is a member of the American Institution for the Advancement of Science; President of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce; a successful and upright business man. He has given away fortunes in charities. The celebrated and costly Warner Observatory of Rochester was conceived, endowed, and is maintained by him. His munificent prizes for the discovery of comets has been at once the wonder and delight of the scientific world.

The yellow fever scourge in the South, the Ohio floods, the fire disasters of Rochester and other cities awakened his profoundest sympathies, and in each instance his check for from $500 to $5,000 swelled the several relief funds. Where other wealthy men give tens and hundreds, he gives hundreds and thousands.

His charities are as ready and magnificent as his enterprises and public spirit are boundless.

The world has need of more such men.

An incident led him into the manufacture of medicine. Seized some twelve years ago with what the ablest physicians termed fatal kidney disease, he was miraculously restored to health by what is now known as Warner's Safe Cure. At once he resolved to make known the merits of so potent a remedy, and the consequence is that to-day he has immense laboratories and warehouses in the United States, Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia, and Burmah. Sales of his Safe Remedies are enormous, and their power over disease simply marvelous.

The merit of a production is in exact keeping with the character of its producer. An honest and reliable man himself, Mr. Warner makes honest and reliable medicines—a fact abundantly attested by their phenomenal efficacy and popularity.

GO, WINDS!

BY WM. W. LONG.

Go, gentle winds, in music sweet,
With incense breath from roses dying,
And kiss the fair face of my love,
For whom my lonely heart is sighing.

Play soft across her lovely brow,
And 'mid the tangle of her hair;
Caress her as I fain would do,—
This love of mine so pure and fair.

FACES IN SECRET.

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER IV.

SHE bowed her head and crouched back into her chair as if he had been striking her.

"Do not think that! Oh, do not think—do not let George think—that I have ceased, or ever will cease, to love him!" she moaned piteously.

"What else is he to think? You have left him without cause—at least, without apparent cause. Ellen! is it not unjust, cruel, nay, unwomanly to behave in this way, without a word of justification, and as though your husband had committed a crime so terrible that it placed him beyond human consideration? Your conduct is inexplicable. What has my brother done—what do you think he has done—that you should use him so?"

She did not answer; she was pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I will search the world through for a solution of this mystery," Mr. Mostyn said. "Can any one but you solve it?"

"No one! no one! thank God! thank God!" and she pressed both her hands to her eyes and abandoned herself to passionate weeping.

Her words sent a cold shiver through Mr. Mostyn, and when he rose to go to the window to give her time to have her cry out, his legs shook beneath him.

Presently, not gradually, but with startling suddenness, her sobbing ceased; and Mr. Mostyn, hearing her move, and turning his head to see what she was doing, saw her go to the door, open it and look out, and then shut it silently and return to her chair.

Then she motioned to him to resent himself.

"I am going to tell you the cause of my leaving my husband," she said.

She was grown unnaturally calm and self-possessed, if so impulsive and hysterical a being could know aught of self-possession.

She began and concluded her strange narrative with no more serious interruption than an occasional sob, that came welling up rather in pity than in bitterness from her heart.

"From an early age—I was about fourteen then, I think—I have been haunted by the memory of two human faces, seen under circumstances of unspeakable horror: a man's face and a woman's. I saw those faces in secret, once only, but in a way that stamped their image for e ron my memory. At this time I was s ying with my Uncle Richard at Wansbe k in the North Riding of Yorkshire."

"Wansbeck!" said Mr. Mostyn. "Why, that is where George and I were born. The Manor House there now belongs to me."

She did not heed his interruption; she appeared to have been aware of the fact he had stated.

"I was fond of taking long rambles alone, and one morning very early I wandered into a forest a great distance from my uncle's cottage, and there saw a man dragging a dead woman along the ground. He was walking backwards, and holding her under her arms. He did not see me, and I hid behind a tree and watched him, and saw him drag the body—it was richly and fully attired—to a grave dug quite close to where I stood hiding, and throw it in. The man then looked about on the ground in search of something, which I afterwards knew to be a spade, and not finding it, went away farther into the wood, and then I remember stealing out from my hiding-place, and looking down into the grave where the dead woman lay. God pity me! God pity me! I shall carry to my dying day the recollection of that dead woman's face as I saw it then. It was fearfully disfigured, and all smeared with blood. There was a great bleeding wound in her forehead, and her eyes were wide open and filled with the blood that was oozing from her brow. Her mouth was partially open, and her tongue, all black and parched, protruded, and her lips were swollen and discolored. I was not at the time so greatly shocked at what I saw in later years at the recollection of it, and had sufficient presence of mind to understand that the man was likely to return to complete his awful work; and so I crept behind a tree that had some bushes at its roots, and waited; and he did return, carrying a spade, and filled up the grave with earth and leaf-mould, and then scattered withered leaves and decayed branches over the spot, and then I saw him look about on the ground where the grave lay hidden, as if to make sure that he was leaving nothing behind, and finally go away again deeper into the forest, taking the spade with him."

Mrs. Mostyn's composure was become that of despair.

She looked like a woman who had lost her reason. Her growing misery refused her the solace of tears.

"That was seven or eight years ago. As a child I did not dare reveal my awful secret, from an unreasoning terror that the man, if I told what I had seen him do, would murder me also. Why I have kept silence since I have grown to womanhood I know not. But the ordeal of telling all has always seemed greater than I could bear."

"Tell me the rest!" Mr. Mostyn said hoarsely. "That man!—have you seen that man since?"

"Yes—once. At Leipsig."

He cowered before her as though his body and soul were parting, and she was become arbiter of both.

He did not cry out; the blow had crushed him to the dust.

If he had been dying there where he sat and a cup of water would have saved him, he would not have been eager to raise it to his lips.

"I wish I had not lost my faith in God," he said. "My faith in man is gone for ever."

* * * * * *

If a man's head is distempered and his heart full of evil, he cannot sleep; and Mr. Mostyn could not have slept in the most luxurious bed in London that night.

In the morning he went along the Strand to the office of a newspaper devoted to the interests of the theatrical profession, and asked them to let him see a file of their paper for the latter part of 187-.

He carried the file into a quiet corner of the office, as if he were about to look on something that it would be a shame for human eyes to see, and after much nervous searching he came finally upon the following paragraph:

"A private letter informs me that Marie Bauer died in the States on June 1, of congestion of the lungs. I am sorry to hear it; but poor Marie's glory was past. After that mishap to her spine at the Alhambra, it became impossible for her ever to refill her old place in public favor. By the way, who was that woman? Nobody seems to know. She had plenty of friends in her halcyon days; but I don't recollect ever hearing of any of her kinsfolk. After the Alhambra accident she dropped out of the world and was soon forgotten. Poor Marie!"

Mr. Mostyn made in pencil on the back of an envelope a copy of this last notice; and in the afternoon, nerving himself with a dangerous dose of quinine, he went down to Brighton, and called at Haxell's and inquired for his brother.

"I want to see you alone," he said, when George appeared.

They went to a room on the second floor, the windows of which were open and overlooked the Channel.

"Shut those windows!" Mr. Mostyn said.

But George stared at him without obeying.

He was a cool-headed fellow. The man, he used to boast, who could make him lose his presence of mind was not yet born.

"If you wish the windows shut, I fancy you will have to shut them yourself—or ask civilly," he said.

Mr. Mostyn did not think fit to ask civilly.

He went to the windows and pulled the lower frames down with a violence that made the pictures on the walls shake.

"Now please sit down," he said; "I want to say a word or two to you."

He seated himself. But George remained standing, his back to the light, his face wearing a smile of amused contempt.

"Pray sit down!" Mr. Mostyn said.

"I wish you wouldn't be so extremely absurd," George replied. "I shall not sit down. I shall stand here—or anywhere else—just as long as I have a mind to."

When Mr. Mostyn spoke again, his voice was pitched in a less aggressive key.

"You remember Marie Bauer?" he said.

There was no sort of hesitation in the response; it came readily and decisively to George Mostyn's lips—"I do."

But his peculiarly-formed face was scarcely human in its expression at that moment.

"Then tell me this: where is Marie Bauer?"

"Dead, I have been told."

"Dead you have told others!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say!"

Mr. Mostyn took an envelope covered with pencil marks from his pocket and handed it to his brother.

"Read that," he said.

And when George had read the writing on the envelope and returned it to him, he added, "I want to know if that story is true?"

There was no answer for a time. Then Mr. Mostyn repeated his question. "For God's sake don't lie to me, George!" he cried. "Is that story true?"

"It is not true."

A good deal of the scorn had left his lip; and he sat down now. He had suddenly begun to look very haggard and ill.

"I also want to know if it was you who sent that lie to the writer of this paragraph?"

If this dead silence did not imply guilt, Mr. Mostyn did his brother a great wrong. "You coward!" he said. "You worse than coward!"

And it was not till then that George began to recover from the shock of the mention of Marie Bauer's name.

"Look you," he said; "if you say that again—brother or no brother—I'll pitch you out of that window!"

And he looked as though he really meant it.

"If you want to know what happened to Marie Bauer," he said, folding his great arms and lowering his chin on his breast, "I will tell you the whole story, so far as I have the misfortune to know it, for I can understand that my wife has in some way got to know about this woman's fate, and has confided her secret to you."

"That is so," said Mr. Mostyn. "Seven years ago your wife, then little more than a child, saw you bury a corpse in Mire Wood. That was the secret of her flight. She recognized you the moment she saw you after her sight had been restored at Leipsig."

George left the room, and returned with a glass of brandy.

"Drink that," he said; "I was afraid to call any one in, you look so bad." Then he went on with his story.

"It will be necessary to speak plainly; but I promise to cut what I have to say as short as possible. To begin with, I am obliged to say that I have known all along what relation Marie Bauer bore to you. She was not your wife. She should have been your wife—or nothing. My memory is very distinct on the whole subject. In June, 1876, you invited this woman to Wansbeck to stay with you in the house—your home and mine—in which our mother's voice seemed still to echo. Pray do not misunderstand me; God knows I have no thought of presuming to set myself up in judgment against you! But at that time I imagined myself a better boy than you a man. And when I heard—for you had the shamelessness to tell me—that you meditated that outrage on our mother's memory, I said in my heart, 'It shall not be!' I remember everything. For hours I wandered about trying to think out a way of deliverance from the impending dishonor; and when at last a plan flashed in upon me, I accepted it as if it had been a divine inspiration, and ran down to Calthorpe like like one possessed, waited in almost uncontrollable excitement for the arrival of the train by which I had learned that your—that this woman was going on to Wansbeck, and when it came, rushed up to her carriage and induced her to alight, declaring, that I had been sent by you to take her to the Manor by a short cut through the fields."

"Then you did contemplate severe violence?"

"I did not!—at least, not in the sense that you mean. I took her through Mire Wood. You remember that old cabin in the heart of the wood in which I kept my hawks and ferrets? When we got to that I asked her to go in and see the wild creatures caged there; and the instant I got her inside I ran out and slammed the door on her and locked it, and spoke to her from without."

"What had you to say to her?"

"I told her that she was in my power; that she was several miles from any human habitation; and that if she would not agree to go back to London without seeing you, or trying to get to Wansbeck, I would keep her where she was until she was starved into surrender."

As he listened Mr. Mostyn shivered as with cold, though the day was bright and warm, and bent forward and leant his brow on his hand.

"Go on," he said in a feebler voice, and with a piteously weak gesture. "Say at once how she came by her death."

"She defied me."

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Mostyn cried bitterly. "But go on to the worst!"

"I must proceed in my own way or not at all. She declared vehemently again and again that she would not go away until she had seen you; and when it began to get dark I left her and went home to see what you were doing. I found you in the smoking-room with Nitsch and Ponsford, laughing and gossiping merrily, as though Marie Bauer's failure to keep her engagement did not greatly disturb you."

"She was unreliable: she had disappointed me often before," Mr. Mostyn said under his breath.

"When I returned to the cabin she was still defiant. But I could see that she was getting frightened. And so—yet not really meaning what I said—I told her I was going away again, and that she would be left alone where she was until morning."

Mr. Mostyn shifted his hand from his brow to his eyes, and a low moan escaped him.

"I wish you would get to the end, and have done!" he said.

"I went for a long walk. But when for the second time I returned to the cabin, just after midnight, and spoke to her from outside the door, she did not answer. I called upon her by name; still she did not reply. Then, thinking she might have made her escape by the roof, which I knew to be all in holes, I unlocked the door and pushed it open."

"And was she there?"

"The door would only open so far. There was something behind it, some heavy substance that yet appeared to be soft and yielding. But as I could not push it back, I got on to the roof and looked in through one of the holes in the thatch. I could see nothing, however, nothing at all, for the place was in pitch darkness; so I scrambled through the roof and dropped on to the floor. The instant I stood in the cabin I felt certain she was there. But she did not speak, did not move, did not even seem to breathe. I called out to her again. 'Mademoiselle!' I said: for I thought she was a Frenchwoman — 'Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!' But she gave no sign. And then I groped about in the darkness till I found a candle, and lit it, and held the light up; and then I saw her lying on her face on the floor at the door, and knelt down and pulled her body over, and looked into her face. Ah, God help me! I have seen it ever since, just as I saw it then, smeared with blood; she was dead, her arms already grown rigid. I saw how it had happened in a moment; she had been trying to force the door open, and had dislodged a great crowbar I had fastened to the roof, and this had crashed down on her head, killing her on the spot. And that is the truth, and the whole truth, concerning the death of Marie Bauer. But I do not shrink from the responsibility attaching to me in the matter. If it ever becomes necessary I will tell the story, just as I have told it to you, before the whole world."

He went to the door and flung it open; Mr. Mostyn followed him.

"I would like to know this, George," he said. "Could you find the place where you buried her?"

"Yes, if I were as blind as my poor wife was before she recognized me as the man whose image she had harbored in her memory as that of a murderer. But I will not find it. Not for you—not for any man living!"

"One moment. Where are you going now?"

"To see Ellen. I forgot—I have not her address. Where is she staying?"

"May I go with you?"

"I would rather you would not. I will write to you."

"Here is the address. When will you write?"

"To-morrow."

CHAPTER V.

HE kept his word. The letter was brief; but the reading of it gave Mr. Mostyn sincere pleasure.

"Dear Fred,—Can you come up to the North Eastern on Saturday? Ellen wants to see you. We are going to Paris next week. Will you come? Pray come! Ellen will be sorely disappointed if you do not. But not a word about our conversation at Haxell's; not a word, Fred!

"GEORGE."

In the afternoon of this day, Mr. Mostyn carried his brother's note down to Steyning to show it to Miss Dale. He met her before he got to her rose-strewn cottage.

She came out of a wood carrying a brace of rabbits, and shook hands with him very cordially, and held up the rabbits for him to look at them.

"Will you let me carry them for you?" he said, with a quite unnecessary pleading in his voice, she thought; and when she gave them to him he added in a way that made her feel inclined to laugh:

"But I did not come to catch you poaching. I came to ask you to give me another cup of tea."

She looked very serious for a moment. But she said brightly enough:

"Yes, certainly. And you can have the rabbits to take home with you, if you care for them."

"Home!" he said. "Do you know, I have no home?"

"I am truly sorry," she said.

And then her sweet home was sighted, and they went indoors, and she soon had the tea-table spread.

"I have had a letter to-day from sister," Miss Dale said, setting a white jar labelled 'Strawberry: Aug. 15' in the midst of the table. "And it is all in praise of you; nothing in it about herself or George, except to say that they have made it up—their quarrel, I mean—and that you are to be thanked for it all."

And after that Mr. Mostyn put on his best boyish smile and produced George's letter to himself and laid it triumphantly before her; and when, after reading it, she handed it back to him, she said with a sweet, frank simplicity that went to his heart:

"It was truly kind of you to take so much trouble to put things right again. I feel almost as grateful to you as Ellen does."

His answer rather disconcerted her.

"The little I did I did for your sake as well as theirs," he said.

She did not blush, however. She did not look annoyed. But she reminded him that he had not yet tried her 'Strawberry: Aug. 14.'

"I am sure you will like it," she said, with all the seriousness of an experienced housewife. "And if you don't, I will get you some red-currant jelly. But the red currants came very near to being a failure this year. The fly got into them somehow."

But Mr. Mostyn was too old a hand to be lured into a discussion on the fate of the red currant crop.

"You gave me a rose when I was last here," he said. "A white one. The petals are all fallen and withered now. But I will never part with them."

He could see that she tried to keep back a little frown; and the blush came now.

"Did I give you a rose?" she said, opening her eyes in mild wonder. "It is so easy to forget when so many ask for them. But I will gladly give you another—nay, I will give you a handful this time."

A tightness as of suffocation began to

close in about his throat. Was she playing the fool with him? He could not easily believe it of her.

He tasted her 'Strawberry: Aug. 15' merely for the sake of telling her that it was very good; and then he pushed back his chair an inch or two to give her to understand that she had offended him; but Miss Dale did not appear to be over anxious to take the hint, and got up to take an old-fashioned portrait-album from the top of a chest of drawers, and asked him if he would like to look at it?

He put it on his knee, she standing behind his chair, and somewhat sulkily turned over the pages.

"Who is this?" he said, referring to the faded likeness of a white-haired old woman.

"My mother," Miss Dale replied.

"And this—this is your father, I suppose?"

"No; that is Uncle Richard. He died, and is buried at Wansbeck in Yorkshire."

Mr. Mostyn was silent for awhile, looking at the portrait with curious interest. Then he passed on to others.

"That's a good-looking fellow," he said. "Who is he?"

"Mr. Grisewood."

"Oh!" and he quickly turned over the page.

And then suddenly his heart began to beat very fast, and something like faintness came over him.

He had come upon a group of two; a strikingly handsome young man, with a strong, open, typically Saxon face, and immense, if not absolutely graceful, limbs; and Miss Dale standing by his side with her hand upon his shoulder.

"That is Mr. Grisewood, is it not?" Mr. Mostyn said, turning back to compare the two photographs.

"Yes," said Miss Dale.

"Who is he?"

"A farmer. My sister did not tell you?"

"Tell me what?" he asked, staring straight out of the window.

"That I am engaged."

Mr. Mostyn's eyes fell back to the album; but he had no sort of idea what he was looking at. Something he had prized very much seemed to have been stolen from him.

"To Mr. Grisewood, of course?" he said earnestly.

"Yes."

And after that, being on the whole a sensible enough person, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing else to be said or done in the matter; and the sooner he was out of this fool's paradise he had got into the better.

He handed her back her album.

"I congratulate Mr. Grisewood," he said, twisting his lips into something remotely resembling a smile.

Then he rose slowly and got his hat and stick.

Miss Dale took a pair of scissors from a pink lined work-basket and followed him out, and began cutting off some red and white roses.

"Not so many, thank you," he said, stopping her.

She gave him those she had cut—about a dozen—and said a little coldly, "Will you take the rabbits?"

"Thanks—I think not. It would be such a nuisance to carry them. And they are so cheap in Brighton."

He was not, you perceive, an ideally magnanimous man.

"Good-night," she said. And she went to the garden gate and held it open for him.

He passed out very leisurely, raised his hat, said good-night, and went away without offering to shake hands with her.

On the white chalk road on the downs he met a peasant girl, a mere child, and stopped her, and said:

"Here are some roses for you, my girl."

But the child refused to take them. She put her hands behind her back and stood staring at him.

In spite of his fine clothes she evidently put him down as a suspicious character.

"Why don't you take them?" he said impatiently.

"Don't want 'em," the child said; and kept her little white hands behind her back.

"Oh, very well," he said, and passed on.

In a lap of the downs he came upon a stream—it was really the Adur, but he did not know—that was too broad to jump, he thought; and so he strolled along its bank in search of a convenient crossing place.

Presently the rose-stems began to get heated in his hand; and he said to himself peevishly:

"What the deuce am I dragging about these things for?" and in another moment had flung them headlong into the clear gleaming water.

And then he sauntered on and watched them float down stream. The discarded roses did not, however, float far; the reeds and overlapping willows caught them one by one and held them glistening on the surface of the water.

The last one made captive was a beautiful half-blown white; and Mr. Mostyn—as if some compunction had got into his heart against his will—went down on his hands and knees and tried to repossess himself of it.

But the instant his stick touched it it slipped out again into the current, and was carried away among some chalk boulders out of his reach.

Then a foot-bridge came in sight, and he went across it and made for Steyning.

But to this day Mr. Mostyn has a singular superstition about those roses. He fancies that they have not yet withered, nor begun to wither, but that even now they lie shining there in that brook in the heart of the South Downs, fair and sweet as when he cast them in.

It is only a fancy, of course; yet at times—in the morbid moods that are so usual to him now—this fancy seems so real that he feels tempted to stroll out on to the downs and make sure once for all whether Lucy Dale's roses really are waiting still to be delivered from the watery grave to which in his wrath he consigned them.

[THE END.]

THE RED KARENS.

SOME of the folk-tales of the Karens, a native tribe of the East Indies professing a sort of traditional christianity, are very racy. Animals figure largely in them, and the hare appears usually as the embodiment of wisdom and cunning.

But the hare gets circumvented at last. The following is suggestive of an Old World fable:

THE HARE AND THE SNAIL.

"The hare was rendered so vain by his many victories over the beasts of the forest, that he began to tyrannise over the weaker animals. Thence began to date his defeat. He specially abused the snails, until they laid a complaint before their King, and asked relief. The snail-king was very angry, and asked the hare what he meant by so injuring his subjects.

"'What are you good for, that you should challenge my right?' asked the hare.

"'I'm good at running races,' said the snail-king.

"And forthwith a race was arranged, much to the amusement of the hare.

"The snail stipulated that, as he was an aquatic animal, he should run in the creek, while the hare ran along the shore to the mouth, which was to be the goal. The course was fixed, and the match arranged for the next morning. In the night the snail-king stationed one of his subjects at each bend of the river, and had another at the goal. Then at the proper time he went himself to the starting-place. The word 'Go!' was given; the snail-king jumped into the river, and the hare trotted off at a gentle pace, cock-sure of victory. At the first bend of the river he shouted, 'Hallo, snail!' and far ahead the reply came back: 'Here!'

"'Well, that fellow runs well,' thought the hare, and redoubled his exertions. But at each bend, when he called out, always a voice far ahead responded, 'Here!' And when he arrived at the goal, a snail was quietly nibbling away at the flowers which marked the spot. The hare never doubted that the snail he saw at the finish was the one with whom he started, not remembering that all snails are very much alike. But the hare was never beaten until he began to oppress the poor; so long as he cheated tigers and elephants he was all right."

But here is an instance of Master Hare's wisdom:

THE HARE AND THE KING.

"A certain King was so proud, that he became almost unendurable to his subjects. So the hare went to rebuke him. He went into the Court, and called out loudly:

"'Hey, you fellow! who are you, any way?'

"'I am the King,' was the quick answer.

"'Well,' said the hare, 'I am only a jungle beast and don't know what King means.'

"'A King is one who has nothing above him,' was the reply.

"'Well, I declare,' said the hare. 'Is there nothing above you?'

"'Nothing,' replied the King.

"'Well, I never saw a man with nothing above him before, and I want to take a good look at you.'

"'Look your fill,' replied the King.

"The hare stared at the King for hours, until the King became so hungry that he could not sit longer and got up to leave the Court quietly. But the hare called out: 'Hey, you King, where are you going to?'

"The King, ashamed, sat down again and resumed his business. This went on several times until the King could hold out no longer, and shouted: 'If you must know, I am going to get something to eat.'

"'Ah! you're no King,' said the hare. 'Your own stomach is your master. It demands food and you are powerless to resist.'

"Then he went on to show the King that sickness, old age, and death, were all above him, and that he must obey them, and that therefore by his own definition only God is King.

"But the hare came to grief at last. One day he saw a black and a white buffalo grazing peacefully together in a large plain. He went to the black one and told him that the white one had said: 'That black buffalo eats so much, I shall be starved.' He then went to the white one and reported that the black buffalo had said: 'That white buffalo eats so much that I shall be starved.'

"In this way he raised a fight, and while the beasts were goring each other, he kept skipping from the head of one to the other urging them to greater fury. But in his excitement, the hare missed his footing just as the two heads were meeting in a grand crash, and he was crushed to death.

"And thus," says the story, "even wisdom and cunning, like that of the hare, will not save a mischief-maker."

OUTWITTING A GRIZZLY.—He was a venerable and intelligent man and had been a great traveler, and he kindly undertook to while away an idle hour by telling a reporter of the true inwardness of California life in the foothills of the Sierras.

"I had several very curious adventures down there," he said, "and, by the way, young fellow, if you ever happen to go to that region, you had better throw off your patent leathers and your boiled shirt to begin with, and put on corduroys and high cowhide boots.

"The brush down there has thorns three inches long, barbed like fish hooks, and you would soon leave behind you that costume with more of what is inside of it than would suit you.

"As to your question about grizzlies, I'll tell you my first and rather remarkable experience with one of those varmints. I was a boy, not yet twenty, and new to the ways of the Sierras, having come from the East but a few months before. On a moonlight night early in April I was gently meandering home on muleback. I was unarmed with the exception of a pocket knife, for I had foolishly lent my pistol to a friend early in the day.

"I had almost reached the ranch, having only a short stretch of ground to pass. I had heard the settlers allude respectfully to old Ephraim. They said he was fiercest in the spring, after his winter's siesta. He's always an ugly customer, and after a man has had a wipe or two from his talons there is seldom enough left of that man to tell the tale.

"On this evening I speak of I was dead tired, as I had been riding all day. I had almost fallen asleep on my mule, when—my word! how that mule did jump! Standing ahead, as large as life, on the bank of a little brook, was a big grizzly. He grinned at me and growled in a way calculated to agitate the nerves of Ajax, the fellow who defied the lightning, much more those of a tenderfoot, as I was then.

"I had heard enough to know that if I turned tail, that is the mule's tail, I could leave Ephraim behind me; but on the other side of him was home, and I had my share of grit even then.

"I had heard of the notion entertained by some people that a man can master the most ferocious wild creature by looking him in the eyes and advancing straight upon him. Even a greenhorn would back out of such an experiment with Ephraim, the most ferocious of all wild creatures.

"Suddenly I remembered I had in my pocket a large box filled with friction matches, those made with plenty of brimstone for use in a strong wind. An idea occurred to me, and I patted and encouraged the mule, who trembled so that I thought she would drop down under me, and urged her boldly right in the face of old Bruin.

"When within a few feet I suddenly struck a dozen matches and threw them right into his open jaws. Never was there a more sudden change from malignant ferocity to the most abject cowardice. The huge brute actually cowarded and shook with terror equal to that of the mule herself.

"This was something altogether outside of his experience. I suppose he thought he had struck a prairie fire on muleback. Even the mule saw the situation and gained courage.

"She advanced, and I kept a continuous shower of burning matches. Luckily a rather strong wind blew from me and carried away the fumes. In fact this is what brought the varmint to me, he having winded me. To cut things short, old Eph turned tail and ignominiously fled.

"Now, stranger, I might proceed to relate further how I stuck to the heels of that old grizzly, and kept setting fire to his fur until he was entirely burned up; but in this sceptical age it may be well to suppress some of the facts of the case, for fear of being doubted."

SCHOOLMARMS.—Belgian wise men are quarreling as to whether schoolmarms should marry. One party complains that married women are liable to be interrupted in their duties by the incidents of married life. The other declares that old maids cannot know how to manage children as a woman with some of her own can do. It seems that in Brussels the law allows every schoolmistress who adds one to the number of His Belgian Majesty's subjects a fortnight's leave, but then she has to pay $6 weekly until she comes back, which is not very liberal. In Prussia it is even harder, for if they marry they are discharged; and in Saxony marriage involves a forfeiture of their right to a pension. From these facts American teachers will observe that they have still many things to be thankful for.

EVERY drop of blood in the system passes through both the kidneys and lungs many thousand times in each twenty-four hours. This explains why 52 per cent. of the patients of Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, England, have unsuspected kidney disorder. If the kidneys were in a healthy condition they would expel the waste matter or poisonous acid and prevent the irritation of the lungs. But if diseased they are unable to perform their functions. This explains why Warner's Safe Cure has proved so valuable in cases of lung trouble. It removes the cause.

Scientific and Useful.

COLORS.—Experiments made to ascertain what colors are most quickly and easily perceived by the eye seem to show that bright yellow is the color most easily distinguished, and violet and red are least easily recognized. After yellow, blue is the most quickly seen. These experiments may be of some value in improving our system of railway signalling.

IRON TIES.—Iron cross-ties have proved a failure on the Pennsylvania Railroad, where they have been tried for several months, and white oak ties are being substituted. The wooden tie yields sufficiently to the motion of the train to make the riding easy and comfortable, while the iron tie fails to give on the roadbed of broken stone and makes the riding hard and unpleasant to the passengers as well as wearing on the locomotive and rolling stock.

ELECTRIC POSTAL TRAIN.—Three hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future. An experimental line has been erected at Laurel, twenty miles from Baltimore, Md. A compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels, without any attendance. The road has three rails, one above the car for carrying the current, and two below which carry the cars. The cars are built of sheet iron and are two feet square and twenty-one feet long. Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely.

CELLULAR CLOTHING.—The new cellular clothing now coming into use in England is said to be a success. It is woven out of the same materials as the common weaves of cloth, being simply, as its name indicates, closely woven into cells, the network of which is covered over with a thin fluff. Its porous quality allows the slow passing of the outside and inside air, giving time for the outside air to become of the same temperature as the body, obviating all danger of catching colds and allowing vapors constantly exhaled by the body to pass off, thus contributing towards health and cleanliness. The common objection to cotton clothing—that it is productive of chills and colds—is removed if woven in this manner.

Farm and Garden.

WATERPROOFING.—To waterproof muslin a writer recommends four eggs beaten up in a quart of oil and painted on both sides of the muslin, which may be thin.

VERMIN.—As a remedy for lice nothing is better or cheaper than dry dirt. All kinds of stock will use it, and it should be stored up every summer for winter use.

BONES.—If you dissolve bones by boiling them in a strong potash lye, and then use dry earth or leached ashes as an absorbent, you get a fertilizer or compost rich in both phosphoric acid and potash. It will contain also most of the nitrogen which was in the bones.

STOCK.—The successful farmer must raise good stock, and he should know the history and merits of the various improved breeds of stock; but how many farmers make the mistake of their lives by blindly raising common stock, saying and believing that fine stock is no better?

PRODUCE THE BEST.—Aim to produce something of better quality that can be found in the market. Quantity of produce does not always insure profit. While the market may be well supplied with all the products of the farm there is always room for something better, and at high prices.

THE FARM.—It is not intended that all farmers' sons should remain on the farm. Every boy has his own inclinations or ideas regarding his future, and if these inclinations are high and lead to an honorable, respectable life pathway they should be encouraged and aided by just praise and the best educational advantages on hand.

ASHES.—Ashes are a valuable fertilizer, as they not only contain potash but also lime and phosphates. The potash of ashes is very soluble, and being in the caustic condition exerts a very potent influence, but in the commercial fertilizers the sulphate and muriate are mostly used, they being known as salts of potash, or "potash salts." They are also soluble, and show excellent results immediately after application. As the loss of potash is constant the farmer will find his crops decreasing unless he resorts to ashes or the salts, though potash exists largely in stable manure, which, however, returns only a portion of the loss. Sandy soils should have an application of ashes every spring, as they are, as a rule, naturally deficient in potash.

MISTRESS.—Why, Mary, I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder.

Mary.—Yis mum, an' I did make it up; but the master came to put on a clane collar, mum, an' he lost the button.

HE that knows nothing doubts of nothing. Do not let your doubts cause you to waver, for you may be assured that **Warner's Log Cabin LIVER PILLS** will cause the sluggish liver to resume its wonted functions, and produce the results you desire. They are effective and harmless, being purely vegetable.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1889.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 5 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 728 Sansom St.

The Opinion of Self.

When self-conceit is abnormally developed, and when it is not accompanied by an ill-natured or aggressive disposition, it is more pathetic than ridiculous.

Many people are accused of being conceited without sufficient grounds. A man is often set down as vain when he is simply self centred.

His life is, perhaps, a narrow one; and his own affairs are the only things which occupy his mind. He has never taken the trouble to realize that the topics which are so full of interest to him are wholly uninteresting to his neighbors.

He may all the time entertain a very modest estimate of his own powers and performances; but simply because he is always talking of them he is naturally set down as self-conceited.

So, on the other hand, people are sometimes met with (though more rarely) who set an absurdly high value not only on their actions but on their abilities, and yet are not really vain.

It is when egoism and an over-estimate of oneself go hand in hand that a man is really and simply self conceited.

Others, again, are set down as arrogant and vain, when they are simply the victims of nervousness, want of tact, and ill breeding. They wish to be kind, and they only succeed in offending their neighbors by their patronizing airs.

People who mingle much in society and know how to say the right thing in the right way, seldom appear to be self conceited; but as there is such a thing as suppressed gout, so there is such a thing as suppressed conceit, which is perhaps the most dangerous form of the disease, and the one which is most difficult to cure.

The man who is frankly and unblushingly vain can hardly fail to see now and then traces of a smile occasioned by his open egotism.

The popular opinion is that these smiles, and even more open forms of snubbing, are not heeded by the conceited man—that anyone who is vain enough to afford amusement to his neighbors by his vanity must be at the same time sufficiently thick skinned to be incapable of feeling seriously hurt when he finds out that he is being laughed at.

It would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that the conceited man is generally thin skinned to an unusual degree, only he is too proud to show it when he is wounded.

But the man who, either from better breeding or a better knowledge of the world, hides his self conceit under a calm and impassive exterior has not even the chance of benefiting by these rough but salutary methods of treatment.

He goes through the world correct in his demeanor, never speaking of himself nor of his own performances, never looking pleased when he is complimented upon the success of anything he has done, and escaping the reputation of self conceit.

But all the time his admiration of himself is boundless and unchecked; the feeling of self-importance is the dominant principle of his mind—one that is far too firmly fixed in its place to fear the adverse criticism of the world.

The successful man never admits that he has made or can make a mistake. No one would care to place himself in the hands of an oculist who casually remarked that in his last operation he had blinded his patient, though the failure had been due to causes quite beyond the control of the most skilful operator.

Lawyers and doctors must in practice lay claim to infallibility, if they would be believed at all; and if the result is not to increase their self-conceit to an abnormal degree, it is because they habitually and of necessity judge of themselves and their performances by a higher standard than that to which they can themselves attain.

Some men, no doubt, are so blinded by self love that they cannot judge fairly of their own powers; but the majority of mankind might keep themselves tolerably free from the reproach of self conceit if they took care to judge of what they do by a standard above rather than by one below their own level.

It is impossible to say absolutely of most men's merits or talents and performances that they are either great or small, save in comparison with those of others.

A few men, when they think of themselves, involuntarily glance upwards; the majority look downwards, and are naturally pleased at the elevation they enjoy.

We labor and labor, but there is just as much necessity for recreation as for labor; we cannot live without it—not even the laboring man. Exercise is all well enough, but it must be the right kind; the mind as well as the body wants exercise. But it wants something else as well as the body; it wants a change, it wants to get into a new channel, get new life infused into it. Thus it will rest the limbs of the inactive man to labor. It will rest and strengthen the mind to divert it—give it, as we said, new life. We should lay out our plans for recreation as well as for work. There never was a truer saying than that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Dyspepsia settles upon people; if they stir about and act, mentally and physically, there is no chance for it to do this. So the blues and tedium may all be dissipated in this way, they are but the same one general thing, bred by doing nothing, or doing only one thing. We must get out of the one rut, if we have been in that alone, and taste the variety of life. Man was made for it; it is the habit from time immemorial, and cannot be dispensed with. With it comes health and enjoyment.

Small troubles are always more difficult to encounter and bear than great ones. Men will bear troubles of the heaviest nature patiently one day, and sink down in despair the next, under the most frivolous occurrences imaginable. Especially is this likely to be the case when troubles come together, and the saying is that they never come singly. It is then that they destroy the patience, and with it the indispensable virtue of self control in the sufferer.

Slander is like the Greek fire used in ancient warfare, which burnt unquenched beneath the water; or like the weeds which, when you have extirpated them in one place, are sprouting forth vigorously in another spot, at the distance of many hundred yards; or, to use the metaphor of St. James, it is like the wheel which catches fire as it goes, and burns with fiercer conflagration as its own speed increases.

Manners are the shadows of virtue; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

Many a beggar at the cross-way, or gray haired shepherd on the plain, hath more of the end of all wealth than hundreds who multiply the means.

Calumny is a monstrous vice; for, where parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one who is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny before he has investigated the truth is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured; first by him who propagates, and secondly by him who credits the calumny.

As the strength of the body lies chiefly in being able to endure hardships, so also does that of the mind, and the great principle and foundation of all virtue and worth is placed in this—that a man is able to deny himself his own desires, cross his own inclinations, and purely follow what reason directs as best, though the appetite leans the other way.

It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts in Europe. And it is true. You may see simple laboring men as thorough gentlemen as any duke, simply because they have learned to fear God; and, fearing him, to restrain themselves, which is the very root and essence of all good-breeding.

He that has not religion to govern his morality is not a whit better than a dog. So long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as fine as may be—he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face and tear out your throat.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

In all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it is the difficult point. To this end the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air.

There are many that are wasting their lives and destroying their old age, not through their passions, but through their ambition, and in the pursuit of laudable objects. They are wearing out their body by the excitement of the brains.

There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we say, always look on the right side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

Close thine ear against him that shall open his mouth secretly against another. If thou receive not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if thou receive them, they flee forward and wound the receiver.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

We must truly serve those whom we appear to command; we must bear with their imperfections, correct them with gentleness and patience, and lead them in the way to heaven.

Our fireside conversations, our thoughts as we pass along the streets, our spirit in the transaction of business, all have some amount, small though it be, of moral value.

The more weakness, the more falsehood; strength goes straight; every cannon ball that has in it hollows and holes goes crooked. Weaklings must lie.

Temptation in the line of duty God has provided for; but temptation sought and coveted God has no provision for.

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly depend on him.

Real glory springs from self conquest.

The World's Happenings.

Kansas City has a colored barber worth $150,000.

The richest man in Berlin has an income of $2,193,000.

There are fourteen Indians in the Kansas penitentiary.

A wave motor, for utilizing the force of the tides, is in operation in California.

A lobster as blue as indigo was captured recently in Fisher's Island Sound, Conn.

A Sightseers Club exists in San Francisco, the members making their trips on foot.

A limited liability company washes windows of private houses in London at 4 pence a window.

A sparrow in Norwich, Conn., collided with a telegraph wire with such force as to sever its head.

A Portland, Vt., marbleyard has turned out 12,000 tombstones for the United States Government.

The deserters from the United States Army in 1888 numbered 2,500. Loss to the Government, $625,000.

It is reported from Rush Valley, Utah, that a mine of natural shoe blacking has been discovered on a farm there.

A thousand colored people passed through Birmingham, Ala., recently, en route to new homes in Kansas, Arkansas and Texas.

According to a California paper one of the tramps of the Santa Cruz chain gang wears kid gloves when sweeping the streets.

A Kentucky woman laments the loss of a purse, a thief having carried it off, which she laid away 40 years ago to insure her a decent burial.

There are now 191 geographical societies in the world. France comes first with 39, Germany next with 22, and Great Britain third with 9 societies.

A St. Louis man believes that the number of his home should correspond with that of the year, and to carry out that hobby he has moved every year since 1863.

Excessive gum chewing paralyzed the muscles of an Indiana woman's face, and she was compelled to send for a physician before she could open her mouth.

Peach stones find ready sale at $6 per ton in Vaca Valley, Cal. They are used as fuel, "burning as long as coal and giving more heat." Apricot stones are also burned.

England's "oldest" clergyman, Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, is dead. He lacked but a week or thereabouts of being a century old, and had been rector of one church for 76 years.

A domestic in Bangor, Me., who was given a physician's prescription to have filled, misunderstood her instructions and mailed the paper, and in due time it reached the doctor who wrote it.

At Columbus, S. C., the other day, the 20 pall-bearers at the funeral of the Rev. Thomas E. Clarkson, an Episcopal minister of high standing, were all colored men. Such a thing had never before been seen in the South.

A farmer in Michigan realized only $4 from 200 barrels of apples shipped to New Orleans. He promises hereafter to look nearer home for a market, as does also another soil tiller whose cargo of potatoes brought but 12 cents per bushel in the Crescent City.

A Paris gentleman engaged a cafe concert company to entertain his guests at a recent reception, and before the evening was over a handsome baritone of 20 won the heart of the young lady of the house, and eloped with her while the company were at dinner.

Upper Stratford, Conn., has a hermit. He is a young man and according to accounts, began the life of a recluse because of a disappointment in love. He lives in a cave dug beneath a large rock, his only companion is a mink, which he has trained to obey his commands.

One Phillips, an Indiana farmer, dropped dead of apoplexy while feeding his stock, and the body was guarded by his dog for two hours after until the arrival of his wife. Several times the hound evinced a desire to mutilate the corpse, but the faithful canine watcher drove them away.

It is estimated that the present population of the United States is 61,000,000. The total increase is said to be 100,000 a month, exclusive of immigration, and last year the increase by immigration was 518,000. At this rate the next census, which will be taken in 1890, will show about 67,000,000.

A wealthy member of the Smith family, who resides in Falls township, Ohio, visited Zanesville lately and invested $120 in a monument and coffin, the latter to be delivered when he dies. After making the purchases, Smith, who enjoys good health, declared that "he felt much better now that he had these matters attended to."

Two blocks of ice pinched the toe of George Carpenter, of South Hadley, Mass., recently. A blood-blister came. Carpenter knew the weakness of his circulatory system, and was careful lest he should break the blister. Unfortunately it broke of its own accord and he bled to death! His grandfather used to be afflicted with a similar weakness.

Advertisement in an English paper: Wanted, an able-bodied man at country rectory, willing to make himself generally useful; must have thorough knowledge of chickens, pigs, and understand milking; must be able to drive horses and groom them; ring the church bells, dig graves, be cheerful mourner, and not object to carry coffin; where parlor maid is kept.

A Topers' Club is a novel organization of Kyoto, Japan. It has 22 members, each of whom before being admitted to membership had to prove his ability to drink seven bottles of any intoxicant at one sitting. At a recent meeting, it is said, a member drank during the initiation ceremonies eight sho of sake—sufficient to fill about 20 brandy bottles—and his associates think he deserves to be made president of the society.

ALL IN ALL.

BY MAGGIE D. WILLIAMS.

We stood in a beautiful garden,
In the morning of life together,
And wandered at will o'er the velvet grass
In the hush of the balmy weather.

But a shadowy cloud in the far-off West,
Of a wonderful shape and hue,
Came floating along on a silent sail
Till it spread o'er the sky's soft blue.

Then with a tremor of pain I awoke
From Pleasure's enchanting hold.
And found that I stood in a dreary waste,
Alone in the winter's cold.

Yet the sunlight as ever still brightly shone,
And the flowers bloomed just as fair,
But the light, it seemed, of the heart was gone,
And the chill of Life's ice was there.

In the Gully.

BY A. MAPETH.

It was so very usual for the ordinary routine of the camp at the Gully to be disturbed by the sudden outburst of tumult and strife, that it was barely considered among the miners as cause for immediate cessation of labor.

In fact in the undeviating philosophy of the mining camp, fighting was regarded as such an undoubted prerogative of sentient humanity, that any eccentric member of the community who did not fight was considered to be wanting in one of the finest attributes of humanity.

But when the celebrated fight between Ballarat Joe and "Poggy" Scott took place the Gully threw off for the time being its usual apathy, and rushed by unanimous accord to participate in the novel sight afforded by those two friends and companions lustily hammering away at one another. For the two men had been mates ever since th Gully, two years back, had been evolved from the primitive bush.

Indeed, in the mining camp the friendship existing between Ballarat Joe and "Poggy" Scott had been regarded as quite idyllic, and though neither the one nor the other of the two friends could be fairly said to have anything poetic about him, the unique fact of their having worked together for a period of two years without having come to blows, was quite sufficient to fix them on the horizon of the Gully as stars of no mean magnitude.

The cause of the quarrel between the two friends—and also of the fight that subsequently ensued—was found to be, on inquiry, of such a ridiculous nature as to lend a certain sense of humor to the proceedings.

Bearing out the truth of an old adage, it transpired that a woman was the main cause of the trouble.

Ballarat—as he was more colloquially called—was known throughout the camp as a misogynist of the deepest dye. At the mere mention of the gentler sex he would exhibit signs of impatience and anger, and growl anathemas against all womankind.

Current opinion in the Gully hinted that his experience of the sex had been anything but pleasant, a theory which certain hints he let drop, from time to time, seemed to corroborate.

But Poggy Scott—why Poggy no one knew—younger than his mate by several years, held no such pessimist views, and not regarding the connection with eyes of saddened experience as did Ballarat, was wont to find a certain charm in the contemplation and society of such of the gentler sex as had found their way to the seclusion of the Gully.

These youthful proclivities of his mate had long been viewed with much disfavor by the misogynistic Ballarat, and the fact of his partner showing something more than a passing fancy for the bold-faced barmaid of the "Melbourne Arms" served to stir into active life his slumbering anger.

With that directness of action and address which characterises colonial digging humanity, the outraged Ballarat took early occasion to remonstrate with Poggy.

His denunciation took a form energetic if not elegant.

"Look you here. This 'ere fanderin' round won't suit me," he growled, bringing his fist down on the rude table at which they sat. "He ain't no mate of mine as goes messin' round with a lot of wimmen. Them's things as you and me have got to leave alone. Darn all petticuts, say I. The man chooses them has got to leave me, mate or no mate. So I tell you, once and for all, slide up on that there game, or you and me's got to part. Why, you'll be wanting to bring that there girl here next, darn my hide if you won't"——and in just indignation and scorn the speaker lost the thread of his discourse in a torrent of vituperation.

It was somewhat unfortunate for the effect of Ballarat's denunciation, that the two men had been drinking heavily during the evening.

It was unfortunate, because Poggy, instead of receiving his friend's admonition with his customary meekness, answered in a spirit not calculated to soothe his companion's anger.

Hot words ensued, and hotter recrimination, and before five minutes had elapsed the two men, amicable companions for so long, were locked together in a desperate struggle.

The immediate result of the rupture between the two friends, was a total separation, and, after the fight, Poggy turned out of the hut the two had shared in common, and furthermore, to mark the event, pegged out a new claim.

It may be imagined at a superficial glance that the sun-bearded worthy was exhibiting a certain amount of self-sacrifice in thus depriving himself of a half share of the claim which they were working together.

But this was not exactly the case, as the claim up to the time had not proved a paying one, and was looked upon by both as anything but an El Dorado.

However, be that as it may, Poggy pegged out afresh a claim that had been abandoned, and in point of fact separated himself entirely from his former companion.

His predilection for the massive Abigail, who had been the immediate cause of the rupture, received shortly afterwards an untimely blow, for that damsel was found to have absconded during the night with a kindred masculine spirit, in company with two of the camp horses and the contents of the public house till.

Whether it was this unexpected denouement, whether it was that his feelings had been really interested in the enterprising barmaid, or whether it was that he regretted his former rupture with his former ally, it was noticed throughout the camp that Poggy went about his daily work in a spirit of sadness and depression, and showed every sign of what in early mining phraseology was known as being "under the mullock."

* * * * * *

Things were in this state, and the Gully was looking each day forward in anticipation for further developments in connection with the two quonkom friends, when an event occurred which for the time absorbed the interest of the whole camp.

That unfortunate young miner, Poggy Smith, whilst at work one morning, using his pick with youthful vigor, met with a dire accident.

The point of his pick striking against a buried piece of ironstone, glanced off and entered the fleshy part of his leg, severing one of the large arteries.

It was unfortunate for the young man that he did not at first fully comprehend the serious nature of his wound, and that he foolishly tried to make his way to his hut without first endeavoring to stop the flow of the blood, for before he had gone many paces he fell with a dull groan, and lay helplessly bleeding, and powerless to move.

When, at last, his groans attracted the attention of those not far distant, it was hardly noticed that the belligerent Ballarat was one of the first on the scene of accident, and that he did a great deal—though in a half reluctant way—to tend the injured man.

It was not noticed at the time, because later on when Poggy had been carried into his new quarters, and his leg had been roughly bound up to stop the bleeding, Ballarat withdrew to his own hut, and was content to let others expend their energies in attending to the injured man.

It was Ballarat, however, who subsequently made his appearance leading a horse saddled and bridled, and rubbing his nose feebly remarked: "I thought of going for the doctor."

It was not noticed at the time that nobody had suggested such a proceeding—that it emanated entirely from Ballarat himself; but it is a matter of some remark to the others that he put spurs to his horse and rode off over the rough ground at a break neck gallop that was by no means safe for horse or rider.

However, that he carried out his mission safely, events proved; for in less time than could have been expected, he was seen galloping back in company with the doctor.

His duty ended thus far, he hung furtively about the hut where Poggy lay, and finally retired to his own quarters.

When it became known shortly afterwards that the injury that the young man received was not very great, public excitement calmed down: and when the doctor after bandaging the wounded limb, left the camp to return home, the ordinary routine of work was resumed by all hands.

In fact it was not until two days afterwards, when on the doctor's second visit, he found his patient terribly weak and exhausted through loss of blood, that the general interest was fully aroused.

It was found that the bandages had become displaced, and that the wounded man had been bleeding afresh as he lay in his bunk.

On the grimy amateur nurses who had attended on Poggy, the doctor turned the vials of his wrath with a directness of epithet that stooped to no evasion.

"You thick-headed lot of murderers," he exclaimed fiercely, "you'd let a man bleed to death before you'd lend a helping hand. You are killing him amongst you. Clear out, every mother's son of you; there isn't a man here I'd trust the life of a cat with."

In what manner and by what means Ballarat was subsequently established as sole nurse to his former companion, he himself took occasion to explain to Poggy somewhat sheepishly, when that worthy in course of time recovered.

"You see," he said, carefully looking the other way and passing his hand doubtfully over his brow, as was his wont when laboring under temporary embarrassment, "you see, when the doctor was so mighty rough on the boys, and I bein' about—haphazard, so to speak—loafin' round quite unbeknowin', he says to me the doctor does 'I wants you,' and I goes in; and he sez: 'Are you a murderer?' And I sez, 'I don't do much on that line.' 'Then look arter this 'ere man,' sez he, and of course I had to, him saying so. Not as I wanted to, mind you," he explained with some vagueness, breaking off and looking straight over his companion's head. "Only me loafing round, I was put here."

"So when the doctor sez: 'You've got to watch him, and see as he's attended to,' I sez: 'Doctor, him and me don't hit it, him bein' young and foolish and given to fanderin'.' 'Are you mates?' he sez; and I sez: 'We are, and we are not.' Then if you are', he sez, 'shot your mouth.'

"So I stays there unwillin' like; and you being so bad I had to look arter you. And when the doctor comes agen," continued Ballarat, with still more painful embarassment, shifting his glance to the open door of the hut, "and he sez as how you were sinkin' from the loss of blood, I s-s—thinking of other things all the time—If as how it's blood he wants, he can have some of mine."

"There ain't nothing in that," he exclaimed hastily, with momentary fierceness. "Blood's pretty cheap with me; I don't think nothin' of it. Maybe I gave a pint here and a pint there to anybody as asked. I've had it come from my nose," he continued reflectively, "and not thought nothin' of it. So knowin' it wasn't no good to me—me having too much—I sez you can have some; and the doctor gives me a jab there," pointing to his arm, "and runs it into you. He sez: 'That'll save his life;' but I sez: 'That ain't nothing to me.'"

"The being here unbeknowin' and having too much and wanting to get rid of some, that's what does it. 'Cos blood's pretty cheap with me, and I don't mind spreading it round a bit. It does a sove good. I always feel——"

But the course of his embarassed narrative was cut short at this point by an impetuous movement on the part of his companion.

"Old man!" said Poggy, rising from his bunk and gripping the hands of his companion in both his, "I know what you mean. You've been looking after your old mate, that's what it is. You've been looking after me ever since that there pick drove a hole inter me. You've given your blood for me when I was that weak I couldn't have lifted a shovelful of mullock to save my life. Give us your fist, mate. I knowed you was a good color right through. I ain't much at yabberin' big but you have done what I won't forget——"

"It was just chance like," answered Ballarat, still very much embarassed. "It wasn't nothing as wouldn't do for anybody, mind ye. 'Taint likely I'd do anything much for a fandanderin' cove like you, as I had a barney with a week afore. 'Taint likely;" and with an assumption of great disdain he pulled a twist of tobacco from his pocket, and cutting off a large lump, thrust it into his mouth.

However, despite Ballarat's repudiation of all softer feelings in connection with the act of friendship he had extended to Poggy the immediate result was—as might be anticipated—a complete return to their old condition of friendship and amity.

It was plain to see that it was simply a characteristic dread of ridicule that made Ballarat repudiate all finer feelings in his late course of action.

The Gully, as a rule was not inclined to sentimentalism in any shape or form whatsoever, and, indeed, was wont to regard somewhat hilariously any line of conduct not strictly practical and matter-of-fact, as demonstrating culpable weakness and want of character in the actor.

It was this, perhaps, that made Ballarat strenuously deny any ulterior motive in his act of devotion; but that his denials were superficial his subsequent conduct proved for he continued to tend his friend and do all the harder work of their modest household.

And so the things went on for some time, until Poggy's hurt was quite healed and he was able to resume his work as usual.

* * * * * *

The next developments in connection with the reunited partners was of a totally unexpected character as far as they, and, fact, the whole of the mining community of the Gully, were concerned.

Their joint claim which they had worked at long and unprofitably, suddenly turned out one of the richest in the field.

Gold, that had been all along so scarce as hardly to pay for working, suddenly became plentiful, and the richness of the finds became at once the most popular subject of interest and envy throughout the camp.

Under these circumstances, the tie that united the two friends seemed to become strengthened.

There never had been such idyllic friendship in the Gully.

It was at once the admiration and surprise of the folks of the entire camp, until the accident that overtook Ballarat finally put an end to it at once and forever.

It was the characteristic carelessness of the man that led to the misfortune which brought about the final breaking up of this long friendship.

A legal formality, in regard to the lease of the claim necessitated a visit to the nearest township by one of the owners.

Ballarat was saddling his horse preparatory to making the short journey, when his pipe accidently fell from his mouth on to the ground behind his horse's hind legs.

Stooping to pick it up with an unconcern born of unreasoning recklessness, he received a frightful kick from the unshod hoofs of the animal.

It was a mortal injury, and the man never recovered from it.

Poggy carried him into their hut; but even he knew that there would be no healing from so deadly a blow.

"I'm on the granite at last, mate," groaned Ballarat, pressing his companion's hand feebly as he lay supported by him. "I've panned out the last dish. There ain't no more wash dirt in this 'ere claim."

"Don't say that. You ain't hurt so much as that," said Poggy with an unwonted tremor in his voice.

"Ay, mate; my tally's got the last notch. There wont be no more business transacted. That there hoss has settled it this time. We were doin' very well together too, Poggy, me an' you. But you'll have to do without me now. We were good mates until you went fandandering round among the wimmin—though you being young didn't know no better, o' course. I was sorry I got my back up and went for fightin'. It was a bit mean me being the oldest; but Lord! a little blood does no harm."

"No, it was me Ballarat, as did it," exclaimed Poggy brokenly.

"No, it was me mate, as turned rusty. Maybe I was mad with you for going fandanderin' round, and maybe I had a bit of fancy for you, secret like. But there it's too late for that now. Listen here, mate. I ain't going to stop here much longer. This 'ere old karkis has pretty nigh finished its jiggerin', and it's got to be put out of the way. Gimme a drink of water," he continued feebly; "my mouth's got fire in it, and I want to tell you something afore I croak."

What the injured man had it in his mind to impart Poggy alone exactly knew, though subsequent developments went in a great measure to show what it in effect was.

But to the sympathising Gully, crowding round the doorless entrance of the hut, the low words of the injured man were inaudible.

There was something in the spectacle of Ballarat, lying in the arms of his partner and whispering feverishly in his ear that

seemed to keep the crowd—rough and unrefined as it was—at an orderly distance.

There was a hush, too, among the congregated miners, and a respectful silence, only broken by the whispered inquiry of some newcomer as to the cause of the accident.

That was maintained until the injured man turned round in his friends arms and said:

"Let me see the boys before I go. Maybe they might want to give me a word before it's all over. I've put up my last ante, boys," he explained, with a weak attempt at pleasantry that was pathetic in its way. "The pool's scooped, and this here hand's got to pass. 'Taint nothing when you are used to it, I expect; but it's pretty hard when it comes to the finishing hunt. But I want to tell you all, so's to make you witnesses, that I give my share of the claim to Poggy here. He knows what to do with it. It's panning out rich, and gold's plentiful. I make it over to Poggy 'cos he knows what to do with it. Well, good-bye, boys; this here discoursin's getting to be pretty nigh over."

He spoke with the utmost difficulty, and stopped many times to collect his wandering ideas.

But once again he aroused himself and said:

"Good-bye," boys; and then he sank back exhausted.

The sympathising miners waited silently with a certain newly awakened feeling of compassion, but the injured man lay breathing heavily on the shoulder of his companion.

Then one of the crowd stepped up to him and silently took his hand and shook it. Following his example the others, one by one, did the same, and then silently formed a ring round the bunk.

Ballarat was evidently not conscious of what they did, but lay gazing blankly at the bark roof, till all at once a few words broke from his lips.

"Blood being cheap with me, me having too much of it," he muttered, "it weren't nothing but what I wouldn't do for anybody. Poggy, Poggy——" and, then, with his companion's name on his lips, a rattle sounded in poor Ballarat's throat, and his injuries had found healing.

There could be no manner of doubt but that Poggy felt his partner's untimely death keenly, though he was not particularly demonstrative in his grief.

In the ethics of the Gully, and throughout Australian mining circles generally, demonstration was regarded with the same distrust as sentimentalism; indulgence in either was looked upon as arguing a certain want of fortitude and manliness.

If this was the cause of Poggy's outward stoicism or no, certain it is that he showed few signs of deep sorrow.

When Ballarat was buried, however, he so far departed from his usual method as to make an extempore funeral oration, addressed to the attendant diggers who had come to assist at the ceremony.

He himself had prepared the grave, and addressed the crowd spade in hand.

"He was a good mate was Ballarat," he observed, gazing reflectively at the shallow excavation; "and me and him was partners for nigh on three years. I don't ax for a better one nohow. He's gone now; and here I'm left to work the claim alone. Now I put it to you, boys, when a mate like him goes and turns up, and axes you when he's a dying to do a thing, if ye ain't got to do it? Ballarat give his blood freely for me, and when he was a-dying he says to me: 'There's something I want you to do.' Now lads," continued Poggy, looking somewhat troubled, "I've got to do it—that's only straight. I'm going away for a spell to do it, and so I want you to look after my claim when I'm away. I'm coming back as soon as it's over, and I want you to see that nobody jumps the claim nor gets working it. Ballarat saved my life, and I've got to do wot he axed."

Without further enlightening his interested audience, Poggy stolidly proceeded to fill the grave, and when he had completed the task, shouldered his pick and shovel, and retired to his hut.

Early next morning, without further parley, he quietly left the camp on horseback, and took the track across the hills that was the sole high road to Melbourne.

* * * * * *

During Poggy's absence, speculation was rife in the Gully as to the nature of his mission; but nothing transpired to throw any light on the subject, until in the course of the next fortnight, he returned.

During his absence by tacit consent, his claim was not jumped, or in any way interfered with; the Gully was unanimous in considering it as a sacred trust left in its hands by the absent man.

At the close of the fortnight Poggy returned, but not alone.

He drove up into the camp in a rickety spring-cart.

Alongside him sat a woman, and indistinctly seen above the projecting sides of the cart were so many small heads, that the arithmetical proficiency of the whole camp was almost at a loss to arrive at the pr per estimate of the number.

It was plain to those who watched the proceedings of the young man, that something extraordinary must have taken place and further developments were awaited with suppressed anticipation.

There was a prevailing opinion throughout the camp that the necessary explanation would be shortly forthcoming; and the whole community collected in front of the "Melbourne Arms" to hear the particulars.

They were not kept long in suspense, for Poggy, after carefully lifting down his charges, and seeing them safely inside the hut, made straight towards the expectant crowd.

The young man's face wore a somewhat grave expression; but without further preface, he said:

"Good day, boys!"

Then he commenced in a hesitating manner:

"It's Ballarat's wife and youngsters. Eleven of them there are—all sorts and sizes. They're regular mixed lot—some of 'em male and some of 'em female. But when Ballarat says to me, when he was a-dying, 'My wife and kids must be looked after now the claim's panning out rich.' I see, naturally they must. Ballarat was pretty rough on me, boys, when I felt like wanting female society; but he see to me when dying, 'Poggy, when I was so rough on you, I was a thinking of my wife. She's been a regular load on me, and her and me not hitting it pleasant together, things haven't been quite on the square. I run away,' he see, 'and left her and the youngsters. But I want to do the square thing by her now the claim's paying. You must look after her and the kids, Poggy,' he see. And by the 'tarnal I'm going to," exclaimed the young man, breaking off in his oration, and looking around boldly for the first time.

"Ballarat give his blood free and matelike, and I'm a going to do the right thing by them as belonged to him. 'You must be a father to them kids,' he see, 'and see as how they're looked after.' There's eleven of them," continued Poggy, dropping his voice and speaking in a tone of mournful contemplation, "as mixed a lot as ever I see. Some no higher than my knee, and some up to my belt. Some of 'em male and some of 'em female. And the old woman she ain't a beauty to look at, though; maybe, a good 'un to wear. That't how the cards are placed, mates. They all belonged to Ballarat and now they all belong to me. Maybe it do seem pretty rough on a man, having a family given him permiscis, and an old women chucked in besides; but the hand is dealt, and I'm not going to shuffle the cards till it' played out."

With this parting declaration Poggy turned and re-entered his hut and from that moment there never issued from his lips another word of explanation or comment in connection with the matter.

In the eyes of the Gully the whole circumstance bore a decided humorous interpretat on, and subsequently the general hilarity was in no way diminished when it became currently known that, prior to his arrival at the camp with his miscellaneous cargo, Poggy had actually married the relic of the defunct Ballarat.

If the devotion of the act escaped notice the humor of it in no wise did; and it was for a long time the topic of hilarious and satirical comment throughout the whole Gully.

To Poggy himself the episode was one far removed from any sense of humor or ridicule.

In his simple way he was carrying out, to the best of his intelligence, the dying behest of his partner, and if at first he would wander mournfully away in the bush by himself and mutter:

"Eleven of them, all sorts and sizes, some of 'em male and some of 'em female," he would invariably brighten up and assume his usual hearty manner when he returned to his old observation: "He give his blood free and willing to me, and I'm a-doing what he axed me to do when he was a-dying."

For Muriel.

BY L. W.

IT WAS a pretty group of fair women clustered around Lady Mary Headington, the widowed owner of the Beeches, and the most comely and good-humored of hostesses.

They had deserted the breakfast room, to watch the departure for town of Lady Mary's only son, Arthur, and the velvet lawn was gay with living flowers.

Nothing pleased Arthur Headington's mother better than to see herself surrounded with young people, and her son loved her too well not to enter into all her plans and wishes.

It was rumored that more happy marriages had been made under her roof than in any other country house in the land; and yet the heir to her fine estates was still a bachelor.

How was that?

The question was often mooted by anxious mammas, but Lady Mary could only answer that she did not know. Arthur's time had not yet come, she supposed.

And perhaps that was the true explanation. Certainly he made no distinction between his sisters and his cousins, and his sisters 'friends.

He would tease one, coax another, distribute indiscriminately his attentions, his merry speeches, and his compliments; too courteous to wilfully offend, too indifferent to raise hopes in the vainest; in a word, too happy in his home relations to take unto himself a wife.

The horses were pawing the ground impatiently.

Mr. Headington proposed driving tandem, and he had just gravely assured his fair tormentors that, if they gave him any more commissions, he should have to take a ledger in which to enter them, and the bailiff, with farm wagon, in which to bring them home. But a sign from his mother made the young man return to her side.

"Are you going to oppress me, too?" he asked gaily. "In sober earnest, I shall have my hands full, for the girls have had no mercy, and I have errands for them in all four quarters of the metropolis."

"Poob! They are unreasonable!" cried Lady Mary. "Give me the list and my maid shall go up by the next train. She shall do the work and you may have the glory of it. Only there's one thing Arthur ——"

"Say on, mother mine! I am never too busy to do anything for you!" he exclaimed affectionately.

"Good boy," murmured the loving mother. "You see I promised to make some purchases at that bazaar for the cripples' home in which we are interested. The affair was postponed until after we had left town, which makes it difficult to keep my word; so, if you could act as my substitute, drop in for half an hour, and spend this check, it would save me the journey."

Arthur nodded assent.

"It shall be done. But what am I to buy? —chairs and tables?"

"Something pretty for each one of these dear girls. Use your own judgment. You know their several tastes and fancies as well as I do."

He shrugged his shoulders, hinted a doubt of his ability to give satisfaction to so many fair damsels, but finally promised to do his best, and some hours after he might have been seen flutteringthe nerves of pretty saleswomen by stopping in front of their stalls, and gladdening the hearts of the patrons of the society by the liberality of his purchases.

These were made with due deliberation, and a more kindly desire to give pleasure than brothers are always wont to evince.

For Clara, his eldest sister, just such a set of water color views in Switzerland were secured as he had heard her express a wish to have; and he knew Hilda and Emma would be delighted with the statuettes and brackets he selected for their new music-room.

The task of choosing for his cousins was less difficult, for they were gay dressy girls, who would be enraptured with Oriental trinkets, Liberty sashes, and boxes of French gloves. Of such articles as these he bought a profusion, and then his errand was accomplished.

Yet he lingered at a stall to which his eye had been attracted by one of the most exquisite of fans.

It was so quaint, so delicate, and the pale gold feathers that fringed it so rarely beautiful, that after a little hesitation he bought it and laid it on one side,

For neither sister nor cousin was this gift intended.

Since Muriel Meadows had accepted Lady Mary's invitation to join her young people for the autumn, Arthur Headington's indifference to matrimony had been gradually dying out.

Muriel was neither beautiful nor an heiress; amidst his tall, stately sisters, and rosy, dashing cousins, she appeared shy, pale, and tiny to insignificance; but look into her lustrous eyes, as Arthur had often done of late, or listen to the thrilling tones of her voice, and you would have learned to think her, as he did, one of the sweetest of women.

Muriel, who made friends wherever she went, had been spending the afternoon at the rectory, where her readiness to pay visits to, or work for the poor, and spare the rector's weak eyes by copying his sermons, had made her presence always welcome.

Arthur had returned from London when the sound of the first bell made her hurry back to Lady Mary's, and all the fairer portion of the guests had assembled in her ladyship's dressing-room to examine the contents of the case he had brought with him.

Around this case they were sitting or standing, Flossie Laurence, who made no secret of their designs on her cousin's heart, having taken upon herself to unpack and distribute the various boxes and parcels it contained.

"Herminie, this must be for you. Ah, yes, I told Arthur nothing would please you so much as a doll. Happy child, run away with your treasure, and spare us your raptures. Clara, dearest, this card bears your name. You ought to thank me for hinting to your brother that your penchant for pictures is insatiable. Ada—Lilla, hold out your arms for those lustrous sashes. How good of Arthur to choose my favorite colors! Look, look, all of you! This necklace is mine!—the prettiest choicest thing of all, is mine! Dear boy, how I love him for it!"

"I can't see that your present is any prettier than ours," cried Rose Willis, stardily, "I would not exchange this lovely work-basket for half a dozen such trinkets. But here comes Muriel Meadows. What is there for her?"

"Nothing," replied Flossie, diving to the bottom of the case, and bring up nought but wrapping papers. "Oh, do come and admire my necklet, Muriel!"

"But how is it that she is overlooked?" demanded Rose. "I will go and ask Lady Muriel."

And she would have hurried to where that Lady was sitting, surrounded by excited girls all eager to display their new possessions, if the embarassed Muriel had not forcibly prevented it.

"Dear Rose you would mortify me dreadfully if you drew attention to this oversight. Remember I am neither sister nor cousin to Mr. Headington."

"Neither is Herminie, and he did not forget her," Rose persisted.

"She is a child; and Mr. Headington must be aware that I should not care to accept gifts from any gentleman."

"Oh, but they are from Lady Mary. He only selected them."

However, to Muriel's great relief, a call upon Rose distracted that young lady's attention, and she was able to make her escape and assist two delighted maidens, whose scanty allowance of pocket-money Arthur Headington had remembered in his purchases, in deciding how they should have these lengths of embroidered crape made up.

At last Lady Mary peremptorily drove them all away to dress for dinner, and Muriel had nearly reached her own door when she heard herself called, and found that Flossie Lawrence was running after her.

"You dear little M," Flossie panted, drawing her into the room, "I was so sorry for your disappointment. We did not think such a prudish pussy as you cared for presents at a l. But I have well-scolded Arthur for forgetting you; it was too bad of him. And I told him I should give you this to make amends. Keep it, dear, and use it for love of me. Yes, you must—you shall! If you refuse I shall think you want to pick a quarrel with Arthur, and that would make you so —conspicuous, now wouldn't it?"

Away ran Flossie, and the indignant Muriel flung from her the fan-box that had been forced into her hand.

There had been a significance in the looks and tones of Arthur Headington's cousin that overwhelmed her with shame and mortification, and she was miserable at the thought that she must have betrayed to the coarse-minded Flossie the interest with which she had inspired her.

She walked her room, striving to recall every word, every action of the last few days, but could not tax herself with having overstepped the bounds of maidenly modesty.

Always reserved and delicate, the consciousness that he sought her out and evinced pleasure in conversing with her had caused Muriel Meadows to shrink into herself more than usual.

Why had she then been singled out first for a slight and then for an *amende* more humiliating than the neglect? That might have been accidental; this was so worded as to convey an insult.

If Flossie were to be believed, she was in Arthur Headington's confidence—nay, she spoke as if she were betrothed to him; and to know this inflicted additional pain on the girl who had been regarding him as a god among men.

Muriel's feelings were as strong as they were deep, and it was sometime before she composed herself to join the rest of the party in the drawing room; but pride came to her aid at last, and went downstairs smiling and gentle as usual.

A glance at Flossie's gift had not lessened her annoyance, for the fan thus pressed on her acceptance was a cheap, gaudy toy she would have disdained to carry.

"I shall go home as soon as I can present a plausible excuse," she resolved, and on this determination she acted in the time of a day or two, much to the regret of Lady Mary, who was becoming sincerely attached to her refined intelligent guest.

As for Arthur he was greatly perplexed at finding himself kept at a frigid distance by the girl who had hitherto given him some reasons to believe his attentions acceptable.

He had given her no offence, unless the costliness of his offering had startled her, and wounded a pride he had not dreamed she was imbued with.

He tried to apologize, to explain, but to no purpose; she would not permit him an opportunity. And yet she had accepted his gift!

He had heard someone sportively inquire what the fairies had bestowed upon her, and Muriel's reply, "A fan," was too distinct to be misunderstood.

Coming home from a drive one afternoon he found that during his absence Miss Meadows had said her adieux, and gone away.

"I was sorry to lose her," said Lady Mary, "for she was a dear little girl; but I don't think she was quite happy here, do you Arthur?"

He turned away without replying.

He could have declared that she liked him until that unlucky day when an inexplicable cloud lowered between them.

Never again would he meet with one for whom he could have felt such a deep, abiding love as Muriel Meadows had awakened within his heart; and but for the fear of distressing his mother, he would have left England for several years.

As it was he could not wholly confront the miserable restlessness and ennui that took possession of him; and just as he flattered himself that he had conquered a passion of which he began to be ashamed, a glimpse of Muriel in a London ball-room revived all the old tenderness.

Their eyes met as they drew near, but had she given him a coldly courteous bow as usual, he would have passed on, trying to appear indifferent to outward seeming as she was.

However, his coming was so unexpected —for had she not heard that he was on the Continent?—that she lost her presence of mind.

Her color faded, her lips trembled, and the spasm of sorrow and reproach that swept across her features could neither be restrained nor concealed.

"She did love me. I am not quite indifferent to her even now!" he mentally ejaculated. "If I can but see her alone—can but induce her to tell me what has changed her."

But Muriel had risen from her seat, had slipped her arm into an elderly lady's and was entreating to be taken home.

Already Arthur had lost sight of her in

the crowd, when a large party entering the ball-room, blocked the way, and the half-fainting Muriel found herself face to face with Flossie Laurence.

They had never been more than mere acquaintances, but, triumphant in the knowledge that she was unusually well dressed and handsome, Flossie condescended to noisely greet "the poor pale thing" who would have preferred to glide by her unnoticed.

"Why, if it isn't little M. M. I declare! What brings you here? I thought you were too goody to be found at balls! Going already? Cannot you get any partners? Poor dear! shall I spare some of mine to you?"

"One moment, cousin Flossie," and a hand was laid on the plump white arm that waved to and fro an exquisite fan, "I should like to ask you in Miss Meadows' presence," and Arthur Headington bowed to Muriel, "I should like to know how a gift intended for her comes to be in your possession."

"She gave it to me, didn't you, Muriel? responded Flossie, audaciously. "Or if she didn't, it's so long ago that I forgot the circumstances. I know I set my heart on it, for it was the sweetest thing in the case, and so—and so—I kept it. There!"

"And wronged your friend?"

"Oh, dear no, I gave her another for it, didn't I Muriel? Lor', what a fuss to make about a mere trifle! You can have the fan; I am quite tired of it. And you need not glower at me so, Arthur, even if Muriel did take offence at what I said, and give you the cold shoulder. She's quite willing to make it up again, I daresay, for you are Mr. Headington, of the Beeches, and a good catch. Ha! ha!"

But the taunt fell harmless, for Muriel's lover was already leading her away; and though she was too generous to tell tales willingly, he soon extorted enough to confirm his suspicions that Flossie had played them false.

That young lady still tells the tale as a good joke, although it cost her the friendship of Lady Mary, and has made many of her acquaintances very shy of her.

However, her treachery had been forgiven by those who suffered most keenly through it; and perhaps a severer punishment than the sharpest rebuke was endured by Flossie, when she saw at Madame ——'s the loveliest trousseau laid out for inspection on which the daintily embroidered name of the bride-elect was "Muriel."

Unexpected Visitors.

BY C. E. C. WARNER.

DO COME along, Helen, for gracious sake, or we shall miss the train! What on earth is the use of going over the rooms again to say good-bye, when you might have been doing it for the last ten days?"

"Oh, Algie! I am coming directly; but it horrid to leave our pretty home," said Mrs. Mandeville, pathetically, from the drawing-room door.

"My dear child," said her lord and master, from the bottom of the stairs, with impatient emphasis, "why the dickens didn't you make up your mind about leaving this house long ago? But, of course, if you feel you can't wrench yourself away. Rome can still be given up, and I'll tell Jenkins to drive round to the stables again."

But almost before he had finished speaking, his pretty little wife was at his side administering chastisement in shape of a box on the ear from the daintiest little fairy hand in the world.

"Algie you are simply horrid, but, oh! doesn't everything look lovely?"

Certainly the Mandeville's house was a perfect gem in its way, and was noted for being one of the prettiest houses in Eastbourne Park Square.

The hall was full of bracketed china, and a variety of trophies won by Colonel Mandeville in a succession of campaigns in the East. It was artistically painted, and draped with delicate and curious curtains and hangings.

The sitting-rooms, especially the drawing-room and Helen Mandeville's boudoir, had been her especial care for the two years of her married life, and she had just finished getting them up to her complete satisfaction.

The delicate rose-tinted walls, with the oak and silver mirrors, and the oriental hanging china had been her own idea, and most of the work which adorned the chairs and sofas had been done by her own clever fingers.

And yet, of course, although she was sorry to leave her own home, her thoughts were full of the delights of seeing Rome for the first time.

The doctor had ordered her out of London for the winter, and her husband had suggested a three months' trip to Italy with a flying visit to Paris on their way.

They had not let their own house—the very idea of strangers living amongst their household gods being distasteful to them. So they had arranged to lock up their house and leave the key in charge of the landlady next door; who had promised also to forward their letters; and they had given all their servants two months holiday.

Their dear friends told them afterwards, as dear friends often do, that it was the most preposterous, unheard of arrangement; but at the time no objection was raised to the plan.

I myself know several dear, good people in their way, who, after anything disagreeable has happened, always say, "I told you so," which makes the trouble, whatever it may be, even more difficult to bear, for no one likes being told that he has been warned and has not taken advice.

After a short look round the house, Colonel Mandeville carried off his wife forcibly, put her in the carriage, and drove off.

"Good-bye, dear No. 10," she murmured plaintively. "Oh, Algie, do you think Mrs. Smith will send our letter punctually?"

"She promised to unlock the garden gate every morning, Helen. I didn't tell her anything about going to the house, because I don't want people poking up in our own rooms."

"Fancy Mrs. Smith, in her grass green dress, in my boudoir," said Mrs. Mandeville, laughingly; and, like a sensible woman, turned her thoughts to the luggage, over which her husband was shaking his head.

"Eight, nine, ten,—oh! and your hat-box, eleven, and my dressing-case, twelve. That is all right, Algie," she said with a depreciating and bewitching smile.

"Was ever a man blessed with such a wife," began Colonel Mandeville; but the carriage was drawing up to the entrance of the station, and a breathless porter was informing them that the Southampton express was waiting, and all other comment was lost in the confusion of getting themselves and their luggage safely packed into the train.

* * * * * * *

The Mandeville's had left town for six weeks—six weeks of perfect enjoyment to Helen and the Colonel, although they sent many affectionate thoughts back to the home they had left.

Helen had collected many lovely curios during her short stay in Rome, and was threatening her husband with an additional six boxes in which to carry all her new possessions.

She bought everything with a view to harmonizing with her curtains and paintings, and had already thought out and confided to Algie a new and original method of arranging Roman embroidery and pottery in her boudoir.

Meanwhile things went on quietly in Eastbourne Park Square.

There were one or two funerals, and a wedding, and two births in the street.

One of the funerals was that of Mr. Smith, the landlady's husband next door; and although the Mandeville's letters were forwarded to them regularly, the poor woman was too overcome with business and sorrow to do more than take the letters from the box in the garden gate of No. 10.

The grass was springing up all over the little path, and the weeds were rampant in the flower garden at the end of the six weeks.

The people at No. 9, who only knew the Mandeville's, thought that the servants were a very noisy set at No. 10.

Mrs. Brown, the retired chandler's wife, who was rolling in money and vulgarity, said to her daughter:

"Lor'! Maria; if it wasn't for them stuck-up Mandevilles, I'd go in and put things to rights a bit; but when I spoke to them over the garden wall the other day they as good as told me to keep to my own side. I've no patience with 'em."

P. C. No. 500, however, who happened to be on night duty at the end of the six weeks and who had as acute eyes and ears as ever any man in the force, saw something was wrong; and being endowed with a laudable spirit of adventure, and a noble ambition that knew no obstacles, followed up his investigations in the house itself.

In his deposition afterwards, he stated that about midnight on the 15th of December, he observed a man slink down the steps of No. 10, and enter the house with something in his arms. And the rest of my story shall be condensed from the man's statement, as being the more interesting of the two.

"Bill Sykes and me is pals: and as times was very hard, we hadn't had a job for two weeks, but was on tramp. We took notice that No. 10, seemed to be empty like, and Bill and me watched it for a few days, as we had a plan in our heads. There didn't seem to be no one in it, and we found a window not very far up, which was nice and easy to climb in at. When we got down into the house, we found we was in a queer room, with plates stuck on the walls, and colored stuff all over the place. Bill says to me, 'You yeller slick will make Polly a dress,' and I says, 'Yes; we'll pull it all down, and the pink, too.' We fetched a few other pals, who was glad to hear of such a home, and we settled down real snug. We never went out of the house at all, and was real careful about the lights. The sofas and beds was that soft, Bill says to me, 'No wonder gents looks comfortable when they sleeps on these things.' But the plates wasn't any use to us, and when we'd drunk all the spirits and wine in the cellar, we just ripped 'em up, and Bill took the feathers to the pawn-shop, and brought back a real nice stock of gin. But we went once too often, and it was when we was goin with one of them knives and ornaments that the Bobby prigged us. But we'd had a real good time, and Polly and the planer was a nice 'un, only the notes went dead after a time; and she was real 'appy, as the lady's clothes all fitted 'em when we got the cupboards open."

This was the story that awaited the Mandevilles when a telegram summoned them at once back to town, and they were confronted with their unexpected visitors, as dirty, ragged, and ill conditioned a set of tramps as anyone could well see.

Their house was a ruin, for not only had the tramps lived in every room, but had broken, torn and destroyed in the most wanton manner, everything that they could lay their hands on.

They had drunk every bottle of wine in the cellar, and Colonel Mandeville ground his teeth with rage as he surveyed the cellar strewn with his precious '36 port and his rich and rare Madeira.

And poor Mrs. Mandeville sat and wept in her ruined boudoir, where the hangings were torn and crumbled, and the delicate china broken.

"One thing I do say is, Algie," she sobbed, "I will never live in this house again. I couldn't exist in the place where these dirty tramps have lived."

And they never did live at No. 10 again. It became a deserted house for it got a bad name in the neighborhood and no one would rent it.

The Mandevilles, left town and went into the country, where, after a considerable time, Helen recovered the loss of her pretty things, and Colonel Mandeville ceased to bewail his ruined wine cellar.

As for the tramps, they certainly got the best of it, for they only received free lodgings and board at the country's expense for a few weeks, and may now be wandering about the city for aught I know, seeking fresh victims.

THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF WOMEN.—In nothing do women show their mastery over men more than in the extent to which they carry their exclusiveness.

No women in the world, not told off into castes, are so exclusive as ours, none so jealous of sharing their good things.

It is not in one thing, but in everything alike—dress, station, domestic happiness, the companionship of men; they would, if they could, keep all they call distinctively their own rigidly to themselves: they would suffer no longing eyes to look over their park palings, still less allow another to share in their fruits and flowers.

As a rule it is not the man's fault that the average home is so dull as it generally is. It is the wife that prevents all easy intercourse, all simple friendliness between her husband and other men, and yet more between her husband and other women. It is she who bars the house door, and forbids it to be opened save with such pomp and ceremonial as makes the opening a weariness to all concerned.

The very woman who, as spinster living with her sisters is glad to have a facile, unceremonious society about her, as a wife sets her face decidedly against that kind of familiarity which lets a person feel at home in her house; and, above all things she fears and dislikes a female friend who admires her husband, though in the most innocent way.

The profound moral scepticism which has penetrated society from end to end has eaten away all feminine trust with the rest; and even poor and virtuous women, incapable for their own parts of anything like immorality, are not ashamed to suspect their sisters of improper feelings and naughty practices, and to think themselves safe in their married homes just in proportion as they are isolated.

Especially are happy wives suspicious of those who have made shipwreck of their own venture.

Unmarried women and contented wives may be, if rarely, admitted into the heart of the charmed circle—if the husband is conspicuously indifferent to them; but an unhappy wife is held to be a kind of pirate in disguise, a rival who will steal away the husband's affections if she can, and on whom it is more than probable he will bestow them unasked.

Very few women have generosity enough to befriend one of their own sex when in matrimonial difficulties, if their friendship is to include their husband's.

PROUD FRENCH WOMEN.—Under the first empire only two female nominations were made to the Legion of Honor, and those were both from military achievements, says the Paris Register.

The one was given to Virginia Chesquire, who had dressed herself as a man and taken the place of her brother, who was not strong enough to stand a soldier's life.

Enrolled in the Twenty-seventh regiment of the line, she displayed great bravery, and obtained the rank of sergeant, her sex not being discovered until she was wounded in the breast while rescuing her colonel from the enemy.

The second was given to Maria Schelling, a Belgian woman, who enlisted out of liking for a military career, who fought at Jemappes, where she received six sabre cuts, at Austerlitz and at Jena, where she was wounded twice.

In 1806 she was appointed to the rank of sub-lieutenant, and Napoleon decorated her with his own hands in 1808, granting her at the same time a pension of seven hundred francs.

The third woman decorated was a sister of Charity, Sœur Marthe, 1815, while the other decoration given to a woman between 1816 and 1861 was that accorded to a cantonniere named Perrot.

HARDNESS OF WOOD.—The relative hardness of wood is calculated by the hickory, which is the toughest. Estimating this at 100, we get for pignut hickory 91 white oak 84, white ash 77, dogwood 75, scrub oak 73 white hazel 72 apple tree 70, red oak 69, white beech 65, black walnut 65, black birch 62, yellow and black oak 60 hard maple 59, white elm 58, red cedar 56, cherry 55, yellow pine 54, chestnut 52, yellow poplar 51, butternut and white birch 48, and white pine 35.

A CORRUPT fountain corrupts the stream. Use

Warner's Log Cabin ROSE CREAM,

for Catarrh. It has no equal. Sold by druggists.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The police authorities of Vienna for some time past, have, on application, issued so-called "international identity cards," consisting of a photograph, on which a brief personal description of the owner, is written in three languages (German, French, and English) and to which an official certificate and seal is attached in such a way as to prevent the possibility of the exchange the "carte-de-visite" photograph.

A London writer tells of fashion's whims: Flowers are worn scarcely at all at night now, and it is curious to notice how conspicuous they are by their absence. Jewelry is the one thing to wear, especially diamonds and pearls. So marked is this fashion of the moment that some people who happen to possess fine pearls and diamonds wear them all at once necklace over necklace, brooch upon brooch. It is quite the correct thing to pin four or five diamond brooches on one side of a low-necked bodice, all close together.

Whatever may be said for or against the Irish people, there is certainly one respect in which they may challenge the admiration of the world, namely, in matrimonial fidelity. In the recently issued tables, giving statistics on the subject of divorce, after finding that our own country leads in having granted nearly half a million divorces during the twenty years past, we turn to the records of the foreign lands to find that the European nations are coming into competition, but, in looking against the name "Ireland," we see there have been eleven divorces throughout the length and breadth of Erin. Protestant or Catholic, in happiness or abuse, the Irish continue the partnership until it is dissolved by death.

According to a correspondent, Mr. Edison believes that the time will come when transportation through air will be the order of things in that line. The idea that the airship must go up a mile or more is erroneous. If it were no higher than an ordinary building, it would suffice. "When the time comes for it to be put in operation," he said, "there would be one drawback to it, and that is the case it will afford criminals to make their escape from the point at which their crimes were committed. There will be no danger of their being intercepted by wires, as is the case now. It may be that the same science which may give us this source of navigation will provide something else, by which criminals who make their escape through the air will be overtaken. In my opinion, when we shall have aerial navigation we shall then see more crime.

DID IT ELECT HARRISON?

The following appeared in a Minnesota paper: "Members of the Democratic party have been using all subterfuges to account for their overwhelming defeat and numerous are the causes alleged.

"I was talking with several of the vanquished on Fourth Street the other day, opposite a bill board, and one of the party exclaimed: 'If it had not been for the closeness of the National Committee in the expenditure of money, we would have elected our man. The Republicans advertised their man like a circus.' Several of the party remarked that no advertising was done except small announcements in the papers, and a few "hangers" on the dead walls.

"'Hangers?' said our informant. 'What do you call that but a circus poster?' pointing to a twelve-sheet medicine poster on the bill board, bearing the cuts of Gen. Harrison and his grandfather.

"'If the Democrats had advertised like that, Cleveland would have been re-elected.'

The poster referred to was one of the familiar black and white Log Cabin Sarsaparilla posters sent out by an enterprising firm engaged in the manufacture of old log-cabin home-cures, under the name of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, and among other equally valuable articles includes the famous Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, which is everywhere recognized as the best of all spring medicines and stands without a rival for the cure of all disorders which are the results of impure blood.

The spring time of the year is the season when the system needs renovation; the long winter has caused the blood to become filled with impurities.

There exists no better means to aid and strengthen the system at such an urgent period than the use of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, which speedily restores the blood to a pure and healthy state, which insures health and happiness.

The reputation of the firm putting out the medicine is above reproach, and is the same firm which manufactures Warner's Safe Cure the standard remedy for the cure of all those diseases peculiar to the kidneys as well as those which are the results of disease in those organs, and which has met with such phenomenal success for the past ten years.

We understand that the posters referred to made their appearance in many parts of the country some time prior to the Chicago Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison as a candidate for the Presidency, hence the use made of the portraits of the Harrisons, father and grandson, was either the result of remarkable political foresight, or in accordance with the historical association of the old Log Cabin with the name of Harrison.

Our Young Folks.

GRANDPAPA'S WISHING-CAP.

BY L. M.

WELL, they did their best to kiss him into a sugar-plum, so grandpapa himself said. They pinned him into a chair, like a very prisoner of love and welcome; all those young cannibals of love, thirsting for his—ahf for his presents, I think.

But he did not turn into a sugar plumb. However, but remained just a kindly old gentleman, with a very mild placid face, and a shiny bald head, who had come to pay a visit to his grandchildren.

There were seven of them—Will, Dick, Jessie, Mabel, Lizzie, Fred, all clustering about him, like bees round a sugar-cask; and Baby Bob, who could not walk, brought up the rear on all fours.

"And what have you got in your pockets, grandpapa?" asked Jessie, who, being the eldest girl, claimed her girl's right of being chief speaker.

"A wishing-cap, my dear," replied grandpapa, and out he drew it from his pocket—a many-colored paper cap.

"Now, children," said he, "give me a little more breathing-space, and, with this wishing-cap on your head, you must each wish in turn."

"And will what we wish for with the cap on come true?" inquired Dick.

"Well, that all depends," returned grandpapa.

"Depends, grandpapa? what do you mean?" asked chief speaker Jessie for the others.

"Depends upon my considering-cap," was grandpapa's response, and he would tell them no more, but bade them put on the wishing-cap and wish, beginning at the eldest and ending with Baby Bob, who entered into the spirit of the thing right eagerly, for no sooner was he crowned with the cap than he piped out, "Pops, pops"—which the others interpreted into "lollipops"—with much sputtering and baby-laughter.

No need to record all the wishes. Of course the girls wished their usual wishes, relating to dolls, dolls'-houses, and the like, which the boys pronounced to be "bosh." Then followed the boys' highest desires, which sounded very much the same to the girls.

"I'd like to be a soldier brave," quoth Dick almost before the cap touched his head.

"To storm the castle, and beauty save," added Will, who was always the family rhymester.

"Well, I'd like to have a whole suit of soldier's armor," spoke the high and mighty wisher.

"Ancient or modern?" inquired grandpapa.

"Modern, I think, because I'm a modern boy," which was very true, seeing he was but seven.

"A sensible remark," agreed grandpapa; "and as it's bedtime, we'll all go to bed and sleep upon it; and my considering-cap being my night-cap, I shouldn't wonder if to-morrow morning we hear the verdict."

As for Master Dick, a misgiving came to him as he lay awake, pondering that, after all, he had wished a half-wish: he ought to have stipulated for a horse as well.

What was a soldier without his charger? Now, if he could steal away to grandpapa's room, and find the wishing-cap, and wish again, who would know, who be any the wiser? The cap could not speak and tell of it.

He chuckled over the thought a moment, and then crept out of bed to make the thought a deed.

Yes, grandpapa's night-lamp was burning, grandpapa snoring in his considering-cap, and there lay the wishing-cap on a chair, as if awaiting him.

Well, he put it on, wished the other half of his wish, and put it off again, he averred; but there were those who shook their heads at the assertion afterwards.

No sooner was he in his bed again, and nestling between the sheets, than, as it seemed, hands lifted him, voices called him, in loud tones wishing caps clung to him like balloons, bearing him up, carrying him all down the old oak stairs, which usually creaked when anyone went down them with a swoop, and away and away he floated out of the night and into the bright day.

At last he found himself in a wide plain, where stood wooden horses, bridled, saddled, champing their bits, neighing, and pawing the ground in their impatience to be away.

Nay, one dear little dapple-grey came trotting toward him, and with a sort of rhythmic neigh claimed him as his master.

And, most wonderful of all, there stood one of the chairs out of the hall at home, whereon lay a soldier's accoutrements: even a pair of spurs were there.

And a strange voice came from somewhere in the room (he thought it was in one of the chair-legs which said it)—

"Now, sir knight, I challenge thee,
Wilt thou set the captive free?"
"By my sword, and by my bow,
I will let the captive go."

returned Dick, as if he had no power over his own tongue to keep quiet.

And more—before him, in the distance, stood a castle, its loop holes staring at him like eyes armed sentinels walking to and fro on its battlements, and he—only he, Wishing Dick—in the wide lonely plain—he and the prancing horses, impatient to be gone.

"Down upon thy bended knee,
Swear thy knight's fidelity;
Clasp thy hands, and bow thy head,
Vow to follow where thou'rt led:
Be it north, or be it south,
Be it to the lion's mouth.
By thy steed kneel down and say,
'I'm the Knight of Nowaday.'"

Thus, invoked by that voice, which seemed to come from the chair-leg, the boy obeyed.

Shivering and shrinking, he knelt and repeated the jingling words.

A great awe stole over him somehow as he knelt there, his dapple-grey regarding and listening.

He thought of the knights of old, watching through the long dark hours of the night beside their armor in the church. But he had not much time to muse thus, for lo! up came his sword on its tip, and challenged him.

"Buckle me on,
And let us be gone,"

it said. And the rifle came behind it with its own rhyming words—

"You must charge me: I will fire,
Gallant son of gallant sire."

And so on with all the rest; even the spurs came to be claimed and donned.

And anon, he scarce knew how, he stood equipped for battle, only awaiting the command to mount his steed.

"Mount me, knight of doughty deed:
I will be thy friend in need,"

whinnied the dapple-grey, making the boy laugh by the funny way he opened his little wooden mouth, curvetting before him and tossing his head.

So up he sprang into his saddle, and away they vaulted, miles and miles, as it seemed to Dick.

"Well, this is fun," snorted the dapple-grey, coming to so sudden a standstill that he almost jerked his rider out of his saddle.

"How now?" questioned Dick rather severely.

"How now?—who is it that dares to ask 'How now?'" and up stalked a giant frog in armor—ancient armor, a Knight of Long-ago, as he announced himself, planting himself in front of the dapple-grey charger, and croaking out his words, as a frog so well knows how.

"I'm the Knight of Nowaday;
No frog on earth dare bar my way,"

said Dick with a very great deal of dignity, and reigning up his grey steed as he spoke

"I'm the Knight of Long ago;
No mimic knight dare treat me so,"

croaked the other, closing his visor and drawing his sword.

"I've kept my watch, and vowed my vow.
Ah! froward knight, what say you now?"

asked Dick pacifically, though handling the hilt of his sword.

"Repeat your vow," said the frog, in his disdain speaking in commonplace prose.

"To right the wrong, the captive free,
Sir Knight is world-wide chivalry:
Here lies my vow, and lies my duty,
To shed my blood for captive beauty."

"And when thou hast won,
What wilt thou have done?
Honor and glory thou'lt gain none."

"We shall see," quoth Dick stoutly. "Let me pass."

"No, never! Let me pass."

Thus they defied the one the other—nay, they came to crossing swords, in which Dick seemed to be getting the best of it, for froggie, being on foot, though cased in armor, was not quite a match for him.

Whereupon, along came a butterfly of enormous size! froggie leaped up on his back, and then came a tug of war.

"Surrender, or I hew thee in pieces," cried froggie, seeing his advantage and nearly knocking Dick over; for, though he parried the blow well, and took the shock when it came on his well-tempered sword, it made him reel and totter in his saddle.

"Never!" cried he, never will I surrender to a frog."

"Then thy wishing-cap be upon thine own head."

"What has a wishing-cap to do with a soldier brave?" asked Dick scornfully.

"Much," quoth the frog, with a wink through his closed visor, which somehow puzzled our hero—there was so much froggie slyness in it.

"Don thy wishing cap and say,
'I'm no Knight of Nowaday,
Thou the Knight of Long-ago;'
Abjure thy vow, I'll let thee go."

"I'll not be let go; I'll fight for my freedom; I'll—I'll——" Ah! now he looked at the frog.

"Have a care, I've a snare—
Snare to catch thee like a hare,"

returned the frog, looking significantly at Dick.

"Who cares for your snare?" cried Dick, vaingloriously.

"Say you so? You shall know," chuckled the frog, and he gave but one croak, and up jumped a black bulky spider; a monster of ugliness.

"Did you call, good knight and true?
What can I, a spider do?"

so he questioned in spiderish glee.

"Bind this false Knight of Nowaday:
Him and charger lead away."

Ay, and the spider did it too.

Heck at him with his sword as Dick might, the grizzly monster bound him head and foot; while away vaulted the frog on the butterfly, as on the wings of wind, peals of froggish laughter ringing out behind them as they went.

"Is there no escape, Mr. Spider?" asked our captive, very crestfallen, he and his charger at the mercy of the spider.

"Yes, of course there is; I am not inexorable—pardon me for using so long a word, but I mean!

"I change, and I change,
And give a wide range."

"Will you give me a wide range?" asked Dick civilly.

"Ay, if you will come to terms," said the monster spider.

"State them," spoke Dick sulkily.

"Put off your knighthood's garb and say, 'I'm not the Knight of Nowaday.'"

"But I am," growled Dick.

"Oh! very well then, come on."

Ha! Master Spider had woven his web about the horse's head, so that he held him now as with bit and bridle; there was no withstanding or holding back from wherever he chose to lead.

Dick had nothing for it but to say, "I'm not the Knight of Nowaday."

"That's right," spoke the approving spider: "Now say:

"'I'm the Knight of Transformation,
Not the Knight of Litigation.'"

"Rubbish!" snapped Dick; but he said it, for the monster of a spider held a dart to his heart, ready to run him through.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the spider loosening his hold and withdrawing the threatening dart, and lo! the wooden horse vanished from under our new knight, and he, in truth the Knight of Transformation, stood there, nothing but a homely farmyard fowl—"a splendid cock," the spider called him in spiteful glee—a noble comb growing out of his curly head, a cock's legs, spurs and all—ay, spurs, all that was left to remind him of his knighthood.

Half boy, half fowl, striking with his weak hands at nothing—ay, fighting the air.

And, worse still, a shadow-cock followed him, pecking at his comb, crowing, crowing till his crow seemed to take the form of these words:

"Ha, ha, ha! the clever old chap;
Let's crown him with the wishing-cap."

He heard the sound of scuffling, flying feet, saw their phantom outline, feet tumbling over one another in their hurried flight; only ghost-like feet, without bodies to guide them.

He shivered, he shuddered, and there he lay in his own bed, the sunbeams streaming in at his window, a cock crowing somewhere, and lo and behold! he was crowned with the wishing-cap.

He heard his brothers and sisters tittering outside the chamber-door; now they peeped in at him.

They said it was a dream when he related his night's adventures—a punishment for stealing into grandpapa's room for the wishing-cap and another wish. But Dick shook his head at this, saying:

"I'm sure I never wore the cap away; then how came it on my head?" and looked very sheepish when he knew they had watched him go into grandpa's room for his "stolen wish," as they called it.

But if he stole it he never had it; only his soldier gear to wear did his grandfather give him, the gallant Knight of Nowaday.

HORSESHOES OF RUBBER.—The proposed substitution of Indian rubber for metal in the manufacture of horseshoes is based upon various supposed advantages, one of these being that the former enables the horse to go easier on all kinds of roads or rough or slippery ground without slipping.

According to this design, the shoe consists of an India rubber bottom piece moulded to fit over or around the frog of the hoof, with a ledge or protecting rim rising up the front and around the level where the nails are clamped, the protection having a ledge under which a steel band or other appliances can be drawn and nipped tight to retain the rubber shoe.

The band is connected by studs which pass through the heel part of the hoof, this being cut away from the inner side for the purpose, and the stud or studs may work eccentrically to obtain grip or fixing.

If the rubber shoe is used with an iron shoe the frog portion or pad has a front plate and two side wings partially imbedded in it to hold the rubber shoe in place.

If the rubber shoe be divided or made thin the centre a swivel or other bar can be contracted from the rear to reduce the width of the pad, so that it enters easily and also expands so as to fix the rubber shoe in position.

OLD MAIDS.—I am inclined to believe, says a well known writer, that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. In a woman remarkably clean in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an old maid.

WM ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, and Professor of Medicine in Owen's College says: "Deep sleep, nervous or rapidly-failing eyesight, dimness of the lungs, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

SAYING THINGS PLEASANTLY.

Some people are perpetually giving offence in the most unconscious way.

"Now, do let me propose you as a member of the club," says Smith.

"But suppose they blackball me!" replies Brown.

"Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club who knows you, even!"

A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor—

"My husband is forty; there are just five years between us."

"Is it possible?" was the unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does."

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said—

"You have never taken me to the cemetary."

"No, dear," he answered; "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation!"

It is related of a portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed—

"It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother!" calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" from the critic, in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend, inspecting a pretty portrait, said to the artist—

"And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear!"

Englishmen are, proverbially, "thick-skinned," and not being especially sensitive to criticisms of others, they have no hesitation in freely speaking the mind. A well known American had a favorite anecdote of an English guest at his breakfast table, who decided sugar with his coffee.

"Never take sugar unless the coffee is very bad, very bad indeed, you know!"

Presently, he added, after tasting the coffee—

"May I trouble you for the sugar?"

This story may, however, be well flanked by a similar one, for which a New Yorker is responsible.

He was breakfasting with his wife, at the house of a friend, and, to the surprise of his hostess, declined coffee.

"I thought you always took it?" said she.

"Oh, I do at home," he returned, joyously; "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast I take coffee in self-defence."

The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his facetious excuse. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly, he turned to his hostess, saying—

"Mrs. A—, would you allow me to change my mind? I should very much like a cup of coffee!"

And as he pathetically complains, not one of the people present will consent to his forgetting that ill judged request.

THE PIPE LAYING CAT.—The pretty tale is well known of a prisoner who made a spider's web serve to draw up a fine thread, the thread a string, and the string a rope strong enough for him to escape by. We have just now heard a little story of a cute young tom cat which may go with this. He wanted to lay a water pipe through a drain several feet below the surface without digging up the drain, so what did he but tie a string to a cat's leg, thrust her into one end of the drain, and give a terrific "Scat!" The fierce creature, thus made a cat's paw, and dreading a catastrophe or catacomb, quicky rushed through the other end, as if from a catapult or cataract. The pipe was drawn through by means of the string, and $10 were saved by that transaction.

AMONG the names of the mistresses of the White House are three Marthas, two Marys, two Abigails, a Margaret, a Sarah, a Jane, a Harriet, a Dorothy, two Julias, a Letitia, an Emily an Angelica, a Louisa, and a Lucy. Only two were guilty of the frivolity of nicknames outside their family circle. Zachary Taylor's daughter was known as "Miss Betty," and the wife of President Madison as "Dolly" Madison. In spite of Mrs. Madison's stately turbans and decorous dressing, the name "Dolly" makes her seem a jolly rollicking little body.

A DRAWING-ROOM ORNAMENT.—Brother Claude: "Waiting to see Ethel?"

Young Somerby: "Yes, I sent up my card some time ago."

B. C.: "Well, she isn't in."

Y. S.: "Why am I kept waiting, then?"

B. C.: "I heard mamma say that she expected the new minister every minute, and you looked so well with the rest of the things in the drawing-room, she wanted to keep you."

WHO climbs too high goes to fall. The great danger of letting that hacking cough run into that dread malady, consumption, should be at once met by using

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY

It is a reliable and harmless remedy.

A LESSON LEARNED.

BY MRS. MARY E. RAIL.

You say, dear friend, that you wonder ever
How life's deep trials I can endure;
But a lesson is taught, and 'tis worth the learning,
We must bear with the ills that we cannot cure.

Do you think me so base as to be a coward,
To tremble and shrink from the world's unrest?
When I know that the rough winds will make me stronger,
And life has been ordered all for the best?

Ah! who hath not felt, when the days of sorrow
Were dark—'til e'en heaven seemed bleak and cold—
That the rising sun of a grand to-morrow
Would brighten the world with its waves of gold?

E'en the lily's heart, while from heaven receiving
Rich draughts of the fragrance of morning wine,
May at evening time, with its unbelieving,
Hide away from the truth of its life sublime.

Thus we make mistakes, but the cruel seeming
Of grim dark giants that round us stand,
Will be soon obscured by the splendor gleaming
From Heaven, if we trust in the Master's hand.

Dear friend, do not think you have idly waited
To hear of the blessing of faith confirmed;
Your life will be wiser and stronger and better
For what you have gained in the lesson learned.

THE LOT OF WOMAN.

There is a prevalent impression that young wives frequently fancy that they have a grievance against their mother-in-law; but even in the worst case of the kind, they may congratulate themselves upon the pleasant contrast between the powers of that dreadful relative in Christian countries as compared with her domestic prerogative in heathe lands.

In China, a daughter-in law, if bought when a baby, costs about one dollar. Among the most important business of a Chinaman's life, is selling his daughters, and buying wives for his sons.

There are even baby-hawkers—a species of tradesmen peculiar to China—who go from house to house to sell the wretched little babies whom they carry about in two large baskets, swung from a pole across the shoulders.

It is related in a periodical issued by the Women's Missionary Association, that an American one day met one of these baby-peddlers.

The wails and cries of his wares were heartrending. He prepared some tinned milk for them, and this was so highly appreciated by the unfortunate little ones that they all stopped crying immediately upon the application of this good Samaritan's kindly prescription.

When a daughter-in-law is bought at a few weeks old, she passes the greater part of her days for the first three years strapped at the back of her husband.

The purchased children are sometimes kindly treated by their mothers in-law, but are more often neglected, ill-treated and half starved.

The daughters of a family present a complete contrast to the daughter in-law. The former are well-fed and well-clad; the latter are thin and dressed in cast-off garments of their sisters in-law. The daughter sits and makes thread; the daughter-in-law helps in the fields, carries water, washes the clothes, nurses the babies, and is the drudge of the household.

Sometimes the mothers of the purchased children have sufficient affection for their offspring, even though they are "only girls" as to occasionally call to see how they are being treated, and if they find things unsatisfactory, they make a fuss and perhaps even take away the little ones, though only for a time, the marriage contract being irrevocable.

The middle classes and the poor invariably buy their daughters-in-law when babies. The price of them, when arrived at a marriageable age, is prohibitive, being about $150.

They marry at about sixteen, and are then under the complete control of their mother-in-law. The sons and their wives all continue to live under the parental roof.

Quarrels are rife under these circumstances, and very few Chinese families live in peace and harmony.

Indian marriage customs are better known than those of China, but few can realise the misery of a Hindu girl's life save those who are admitted, as female missionaries are, to Zenanas.

Girls and boys are married at from six to ten years of age. When the little bride is eleven or twelve, she takes up her abode with her husband, and then is subject to her mother-in-law, as well as to aunts, cousins, and sister in-laws, who all live in the same house.

The wife's mother is never allowed to come and see her daughter, unless specially invited by the mother-in-law.

The wretched life of a Hindu widow has often been described by writers. One poor widow said to an American lady:

"The English have abolished Suttee; but then we died quickly, if cruelly. Now we die all our lives in lingering pain."

When there is a widow in a house, servants are never hired. The supposition is she has in some way caused her husband's death; an absurdity that is very self-evident.

Is it not her dearest interest to keep him alive, and thus save herself from the miseries of Hindu widowhood.

For a whole year she is allowed only one meal a day, and has frequent fasts as well. A coarse white cloth is all that is permitted to her for clothing. She is subject to every indignity at the hands of her late husband's female relatives. She may not even lie in a bed, but has to sleep on the floor.

If, in her desperation, she goes and lives alone, she loses her character. Even the happiest part of a Hindoo woman's life, when her husband is alive and well—it is but a kind of stagnation. She is permitted no exercise, no fresh air, and her mother-in-law is often her tyrant.

Japanese girls have a happier lot than those of any other Asiatic nation.

The poor oppressed wives of India and China, is they could only see the brightness of their Japanese sister's lives, would turn weary eyes of wistful longing upon an existence so strongly contrasted with their own dark fate.

Though there is a decided preference for boys in Japan, the girls are neither sold nor given away in any class of life, and even their fathers regard them with a certain amount of affection.

The very poorest girls are taught the three R's, and a little of the history of their own country. Etiquette and the almanac are the principal studies of those in a higher station of life.

The uses of the almanac as a daily study might scarcely be apparent until we learn that it "would be as vulgarly disgraceful as it would be disastrous, to marry, begin a journey, or take any other important step on an unlucky day."

Music and embroidery fill their days, but American women have no need to envy their sisters in far Japan. The rule of their lives is obedience.

Under the sway of her father as a child, the Japanese woman passes from his authority to that of a husband, and in widowhood she is obliged to obey her eldest son.

This will seem a hard fate to free and happy girls, even though the mother-in-law takes no prominent position in the life of a Japanese wife.

Women have no legal rights in Japan, and their highest hope for the future life is to be born again as men.

Grains of Gold.

Charity is not action; it is life.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of the few.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.

What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.

Few persons live to day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.

What have we in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.

In general, indulgence for those we know is rarer than pity for those we know not.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

Philosophy is only valuable when it serves for the law of life, not the ostentation of science.

They asked Lucman, the fabulist, From whom do you learn manners? He answered: From the unmannerly.

Femininities.

A mail bag—The capture of a husband.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable, and men admirable.

A diamond robin, perched on a branch of pearls, is a conspicuous hair ornament.

Large emeralds, surrounded by diamonds, make a magnificent appearance set as earrings.

A row of four leaved clovers set on a thin gold wire as a lady's pin is charming in its simplicity.

A novelty in silver is a riding whip with stirrups and bridle in the centre. It makes a serviceable pin.

A great many girls say "no" at first; but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.

Waiter, sceptically: "Lost your pocket book, madam?" Madam: "Much worse, I can't find my pocket."

There are so few unmarried women in Queensland, Australia, that their life is made a burden by proposals of marriage.

To undertake to reason a girl out of love, is as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a glass of water.

The wives of Msidi, the great African chief, are his Ministers of State. He has 500 of them. They run the whole kingdom.

Miss Carter, a California school teacher, took half a day off recently and cleaned up $10,000 in a real estate deal before the sun went down.

Long, pendant earrings are coming back again, if jewelers' affidavits are reliable. It really seems an "age" since they were fashionable.

Many women who carry gold handled umbrellas are the ones who come to breakfast in a wrapper and slippers and frizzle-pins in their hair.

Tortoise shell hairpins have almost entirely driven out the old-fashioned kind of wire, which are now said to have been injurious to the hair.

One of the rules of the Royal Library in Berlin, made with a view to preserving quiet and good order, calls for the exclusion of all members of the gentler sex.

Genial hostess: "What, going already, professor? And must you take your dear wife away with you?" Professor: "Indeed, madam, I am sorry to say I must."

Settling the Dust. Mr. Winks: "My gracious! Look there where the sun comes in and see the cloud of dust floating in the room." Mrs. Winks: "Goodness me! Mary, come lower this curtain!"

In a Swiss museum is a watch only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter inserted in the top of a pencil-case. Its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also the day of the month.

Palm-leaf fans are made into very pretty wall-pockets for scraps in the library, or anywhere else, for that matter. The sides are painted after the "impressionist" style, which means the artistic work looks better at a distance.

"Are you in favor of free trade, madam?" said a political economist to a lady. "No, I'm not!" she answered with a snap. "I'm not in favor of any kind of trade. All my family are professional people, I'd have you to know, sir."

Mrs. Gushington: "Why, Julia, what makes you look so down-hearted?" Julia: "My servant has left me, and my poor old mother, who has just barely recovered from an attack of rheumatism, is compelled to do all the housework."

De Peyster: "I see that Miss Brewster has just received a lot of new dresses from Paris." Miss De Garmo: "Indeed! Well, you know, Mr. De Peyster, that such horrid-looking girls have to do something to keep up with the procession."

Salesman, showing some dress material to two ladies: "Have you tried elsewhere to get this cashmere, ladies?" "No, we came to you first. Why?" "Well, if you'll excuse me, it won't be worth my while to show you any more, because you're sure not to buy anything unless you have tried elsewhere first!"

Another step has been made towards asserting the rights of women. The "blanchisseuses" and "lavandieres" of Paris have organised themselves to the number of 30,000, and in future shirts and pocket handkerchiefs will only be washed in accordance with regulations to be drawn up by a committee of management.

It is with ease and grace that the woman of to-day takes her walks abroad, for so low are the heels and broad the toes of ordinary walking shoes that no discomfort attends on even the most extended tours over hard paving-stones. A pointed tip of patent leather is quite the most correct ornamentation for shoes of this style.

Mrs. Fish: "What do you think, Mrs. Dashe, of the historical talents displayed by Mrs. Blank, the new society actress?" Mrs. Dashe: "They are certainly very handsome, but I think the one she displays in the third—the blue velvet, cut U-shaped, with hand-painted front, and trimmed with old lace—is the handsomest she has worn since she made her debut."

The horses attached to a carriage ran away while returning from a funeral in Akron, Ohio. There were four young women in the vehicle, including a Miss Beighle, who opened the door, stepped on the splasher, and with a firm grip swung herself into the driver's seat, picked up the lines and guided the horses through the streets until they were exhausted and overtaken.

An 8 year-old boy whose superabundant animal spirits require an occasional check was looking at some proofs of photographs of his mother which had just been sent home. There were two views, and the youngster was very decided in his preference for one over the other. "Why do you prefer that?" asked his mother. "Because," said he, "in the other one you look as if you meant it."

Masculinities.

The last thing a man should be out of—Temper.

He who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than the trifle.

The more intolerable the bore the more oblivious is he of the fact.

People with ugly dispositions may say some sharp but not clever things.

The man that has never made a mistake has never attempted to do anything.

Nature has to pave the way for the man who would look well in knee breeches.

The man whose watch always agrees with yours is a man whose judgment can be depended on.

"Late hours are bound to tell on a man," says an exchange. But not half so surely as a spiced breath.

If a man be busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity?

It is amazing to see the amount of comfort a man will take out of spoiling some other fellow's scheme.

Only the first baby is favored with visits from the angels in his sleep. A little peppermint is what the others get.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries; and then, afterwards, he is often very sorry that he found out.

Why is reading a love letter like travelling in an express train?—Because one generally goes through without stopping.

Some of our weaknesses are born in us, others are the result of education; it is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.

Miss Bristleby: "Don't hurry, I beg of you, Mr. Merritt. It's only eleven." Mr. M., who has heard footsteps: "I am afraid your father will kick."

King George III of England had a watch not larger than a 5-cent piece which had 120 parts, the whole not weighing quite so much as a 10-cent piece.

Little Robert: "Say, pop, is gran'marm goin' to sing?" His father. "S-s-sh! Of course she is." L. R.: "Better tell 'm to take up th' collection first."

"I admire that man Smith," said Squire Closefist at the club, "even if he is a fraud. He managed to borrow $10 from me the other day, and I admire him for it."

The following conversation took place in an office: "Did you ever realize anything in the lotteries?" "Yes, sir. I tried five times and realized that I was an idiot!"

Mrs. Hobson, to caller: "It is quite two years now since your husband's death, is it not, Mrs. Hendricks?" Mrs. Hendricks—"Two years! Why, so it is. Poor John. How time flies!"

An enterprising resident of Langres, France, who had been arrested for shooting at his sweetheart, made love to the jailer's daughter. She assisted him to escape, and the pair then eloped.

A: "So Mrs. Blank has lost her eldest daughter." B.: "Yes, and in the flower of her age." A.: "Do you know what her malady was?" B.: "A wealthy and handsome young officer."

Miss Sweetlips—"Ever since I was a little girl my papa has sent me a valentine and I've saved them all." Mr. Blunderby—"By Jove; what a lot you must have!" Then he was sorry for what he said.

Still on the string. Bangley, after a three years' absence from home: "Has Miss Lamson got that fellow Dacey on the string yet?" Tooler: "Yes; she married him. He's on the apron string now."

Old Soaker, at the club, dreamily: "I say, waiter, that's the best wine I have had for ages. Bring another bottle." Waiter: "You have had no wine, sir. What you drank was the Worcestershire sauce."

They were sitting in the theatre. One of them had got a little confused about the play. "What act is this? The fourth?" "No; it's the third?" "No, it isn't; it's the fourth." "I know it's the third. I've only had two drinks."

A gentle reminder. It was about 11 o'clock and her head was where it should be at that bewitching hour. "Tell me, Lulu," he said softly in her ear, "how much you love me." "Oh, George, darling, I couldn't do all that to-night. It's getting too late."

A sensation was created at one of the fashionable clubs one day recently when a good-sized express package, addressed to the institution, upon being opened was found to contain religious books and pamphlets, many of the fly leaves being inscribed with the names of some of the leading members.

On a recent occasion two public men were talking, and one said to the other: "How is it that you, with all your work, manage to look so fresh and always appear so cheery?" "By keeping good natured," replied the other, "and by never allowing myself to fret and fume because matters don't shape themselves precisely as I like."

Among the couples who took out marriage licenses in Chicago during one day were Michal Wawzyniak and Anna Cichanska, Ignatius Clybowski and Annie Wychenewski, and Jan Strzyzynska and Antonio Oasinka. The Chicago News, commenting, says, that all these names are regular toothpullers, but marriage will wipe out half of them, and therefore is not a failure.

Higgins (entering the drawing room at midnight): "Ah, Mr. Staylaight, good morning. Have you the right time?" Staylaight (in Higgins's employ, with aspirations for the hand of Miss Higgins): "The clock is right, sir, ten minutes past 12." Higgins. "Thank you, my boy. I didn't know but what it was three or four hours too fast. Don't keep Mr. Staylaight after 8 o'clock, Ethel. I want to see him at the office by 9 and he must have time to put on his business suit, you know."

Recent Book Issues.

"A Demoralizing Marriage," by Edgar Fawcett, is a novel of society life in New York, and while there is nothing in any of its features to commend as of special merit, it is fairly entertaining and readable. It is among the "American Novels" series of Lippincott & Co., and in its material get-up is very neat and handy. Price 50 cents.

"The Truth About Clement Ker" is a dramatic story of much interest. The scenes and characters are Scotch. A finely handled love story, opium-drinking, and a well-managed family ghost or mystery serve to furnish the more highly spiced elements. There are many characters in the book, and their attractiveness together with the excellent plot are almost certain to retain the reader's absorbed attention. Published by Roberts Bros, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

"A Short Course in Business Shorthand," by D. P. Lindsley,—Otis Clapp & Son, Boston;—96 pages, cloth, $1 25,—is the latest work of one of the best of American shorthand authors. The great excellence of this system has given it a high position. Its simple style has long been widely used. This work however, the author believes to be adapted to the largest number of those who at present seek the art; namely, all persons desiring to secure places as amanuenses or shorthand clerks. It avoids the extremely brief forms, and gives just that degree of condensation best adapted to those who wish to get the highest speed with the least outlay of time and money. For sale by D. P. Lindsley, No. 817 N. Forty-fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Wide Awake for March has several features appropriate to the Inauguration month; a charming adventure story, "How Nat Saw the Inauguration." There is a reminiscence of the Harrison Campaign of 1840, and a pretty little tale about Miss Harrison's schoolgirlhood, both in "Men and Things." The serial, "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, and "Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," by J. T. Trowbridge, steadily increase in interest. Sallie Joy White tells how the Boston Public School children are taught to boil cabbage without "smell." Articles by Profs Starr and Mason, stories by Jenness, R. E. Robinson and others, and beautiful illustrated poems, make up a most enjoyable and instructive number. Publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THREAD SPOOLS.—Among the peculiar industries which flourish in western Maine is the making of thread spools.

They are cut from smooth, white birch timber—a wood which works easily—by various kinds of the most improved machines.

There are numerous mills throughout the lumbering region, where the birch is sawed into strips about four feet long and from one to two inches in width and thickness.

These strips then go to the spool factories, to be converted into spools.

The processes they are put through are numerous, and one of them, the method of polishing them, is quite interesting.

A barrel is filled nearly full of them and then revolved by means of machinery and belting until the spools are worn smooth by rubbing one against another.

Spool manufacturing is the most important industry in several of the villages of Oxford county, and will doubtless continue so until the supply of white birch timber is exhausted.

The manufacture of shoe pegs is another peculiar Maine industry, though shared in to some extent by other New England states.

These are cut from maple and white birch by machinery, and are worth at the factory from thirty-five to ninety-five cents a bushel.

The compressing of the sawdust is also a flourishing business in Bangor in that state.

There is a firm there styling itself a "compress company," who convert sawdust and shavings into solid bales by compression, which find ready sale in the large eastern cities.

EXPERIMENT IN CHEMISTRY.—Cut three leaves of red cabbage into small pieces, and after placing them in a basin, pour a pint of boiling water over them, letting them stand an hour; then pour off the liquid into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses—into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of solution of soda; into a third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty.

Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the vinegar will quickly change to a beautiful red; that poured with the soda will be a fine green; that poured with the alum will turn to a pretty purple; while that poured into the empty glass will remain unchanged.

CHILDREN should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in writing pardons, and delighted in conveying through his mouth all the favors he granted.

THE delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder, commends it to all ladies.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

It is curious to reflect on cases in which science has frequently come to the aid of utilitarian man just when wanted—so soon, indeed, as utilitarian man has deliberately sought her aid.

Some remarkable examples of this are afforded by the history of the great French Revolution.

Much fighting had then to be done, as readers need not be informed; but fighting needs gunpowder, gunpowder needs saltpetre, and up to the period of the revolution almost all the saltpetre of commerce had been imported from India.

True, the Italians were aware that saltpetre occasionally forms in caves and tombs; a fact stated by the Italian writer Tartalea. This does not invalidate the fact that before the French Revolution nearly all the saltpetre of commerce was brought from India.

To have recognized small home specimens as a natural product was one thing; to have mastered the conditions of its formation, and generated it at pleasure in quantities large enough to supply the needs of French revolutionary armies was another.

Very soon after the pressure of the need the thing was done, and for many years every pound of saltpetre entering into French gunpowder was home-made. The importance of this discovery became apparent to other continental nations.

Remembering that they might be subject by fortune of war to conditions of exclusion just as the French had been, they took measures to insure a home supply.

The government of Sweden to this day imposes a saltpetre-tax, payable in kind, on every Swedish farmer. A certain specified amount of this sinew of war must be rendered periodically to the collector. The Swedish government will accept no money equivalent—the saltpetre must be paid in kind.

Another chemical manufacture to spring out of the revolution under the pressure of the times was that of sugar from beetroot. The French are and always have been a sugar-eating people; but English command of the ocean was so vigilant, that during the period of the revolutionary war no sugar from the colonies could be obtained. Some years before it happened that a Prussian chemist had demonstrated the presence of sugar in white Silesian beetroot, but the discovery had been turned to no practical account. The French applied themselves to the commercial problem, and ultimately with complete success—as the large manufacture of beetroot sugar testifies.

At first, however, they were unsuccessful, and here again we find an instance of the inventors—men of practice—correcting a doctrinal error.

A commission of French savants came to the conclusion that, although sugar did exist in beetroot, it could not be extracted at a commercial profit. The doctrinaires were wrong.

Less connected with the revolutionary pressure, but associated with it to some extent, was the manufacture of soda from sea-salt.

Some of us are old enough to remember the time when washing soda was not so common and cheap as now—when pearlash was habitually used for washing and other domestic purposes, for which washing soda is now universal.

Well might washing soda be dearer than it now is, seeing that the whole of this useful substance was got by a tedious process out of the ashes either of actual seaweeds, or from the ashes of certain plants that grow on the sea-coast.

At length a chemist bethought himself that the sea—the ocean—held illimitable quantities of the material of washing-soda, only it chanced to be in the form of common salt. The proposition, then, was to convert salt into washing-soda.

A chemical process suitable to the occasion was soon devised, and now almost all the soda that enters into commerce comes from sea-salt either taken from the ocean or from the salt mines.

LOVE-LETTERS.—There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on it as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as, "Dearest Augustus, I love you with a love larger than an elephant. I think of you every day; and by and by; when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a-day." It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I heaved a sigh in this vicinity."

FEAR AS A MORAL AGENT.—Fear is a moral force. It is universal in human society. It works, in unperceived and covert forms, in all our physical and social elements. It is that which spurs enterprise. Suffering produces fear of suffering. Want produces fear of recurring want. Men learn to be industrious for fear of the suffering that comes from indolence. Men, because they fear pain, avoid the causes of disease. It works, therefore, to make all physical economies prompt, wise, beneficial. It gives care, anxiety, which may become intense and undue, but which in low measures is that keen thoughtfulness which awakens men to watchfulness in regard to trusts reposed in them.

YOU CAN CURE A SORE THROAT with the help of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for Coughs and all Throat and Lung diseases.

(*Little Pet*)—Why, mamma, are you sick?
(*Mamma*)—No, dear; only tired; been shopping all day.
(*Little Pet*)—O, I know; you're what they call "shopworn."

Few women can long stand the exertion of continuous shopping, while saleswomen, seamstresses, teachers, and overworked women generally, break down by thousands each year and are forced to quit work on account of nervous prostration, sick headache, weak back, female weakness, and other kindred derangements. It is fortunate, however, that Dr. Pierce has given to suffering women his "Favorite Prescription," the result of many years' practice in diseases of females, and the only remedy which is *warranted* to give satisfaction, or money refunded. The certificate of guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

GUARANTEED.

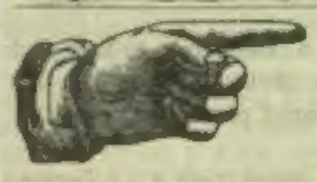
Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.



TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as SOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

TO MY INKSTAND.

Pierian spring! Drowned in thy shallow deeps
Lie pearls of thought the world hath never known,
Most of them other men's, but some mine own—
The cheap ones, over which the sad Muse weeps
And thrusts them back into thy donjon keeps,
Sinking them down with sable bubbling moan,
To drown in midnight horrors, all alone,
While a saved world unconscious round them sleeps.
In vain I stain my nose and ink my thumb,
And to the barren ceiling lift mine eyes,
Hoping from limewash sublime thoughts to drink.
My shallow murmurs make the deep more dumb,
Jet black beneath my vexing pen it lies—
I have it now!—Dear me! there goes the ink!

—U. N. None.

Many an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece.

A cat makes the most noise when everything is still—that is, everything but the cat.

What class ought never to die with consumption?—Merchants with strong iron chests.

A hawk may get the rooster after breakfast, but before breakfast the rooster always takes a crow.

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

A typographical error suggests the conundrum—what is no longer blind when it loses an if—Blind!

"Ambipedipulation" is the new word for reversing in the waltz. Seems as if it would be easier to keep right on.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder?—Because the law says no man can be condemned without a hearing.

A teacher wants to know how to prevent his pupils from "playing truant." One good way is to have no school on circus day.

Dasher: "I hope you don't object to my smoking?" Rev. Mr. Hyde: "N-not in the least, if—you don't object to my being sick."

A Paris paper, fabricating a joke, it is to be presumed, announces the sudden death of a lawyer at Rheims, and exclaims: "Alas! only one!"

The bad boy who was told that he would never go to heaven replied that he had been to the circus and the pantomime, and didn't expect to go everywhere.

When it is one minute after 8 o'clock it is past 8. When it is 30 minutes after 8 it is only half-past 8. Here is another discovery to make the world pause and feel sad.

"We are related, I believe," said the Earthquake to the Case of Ague. "I think so, though we have never met before," replied the Case of Ague. "Shake!" exclaimed both simultaneously.

When a man dies a natural death it is well enough to call the corpse the "remains," but if he has been assisted hence by a discharge of nitro-glycerine the word "remnants" seems to fit the case better.

Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" Prisoner: "Yes, sir. I am a member of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment."

Wife, reading morning paper: "Why the Mormons actually still claim the right of having two, three and sometimes four wives at once!" Husband: "Why, at that rate, how can a man ever hope to be a widower?"

"Minnie has been to see me to-day," said a little 5-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady." "And I hope you did, too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed, I did. I turned somersets for her on the bed."

Dr. J. used to relate that, on one of his visits to L'Hotel Dieu, having asked a patient how he did, the sick man answered: "Ah, doctor, I am so ill that if anybody came and told me I was dead I should not be astonished at it."

Our friend Guzzler, whose eyesight is failing him, was recommended to try glasses for its improvement. He says he went and took five or six directly, and the result was that his eyesight was so improved he could actually see double.

Old Mrs. Bently: "Did you hear how Deacon Brown is gettin' on?" Old Mr. Bently: "I heerd he took a relapse this mornin'." Old Mrs. Bently, with a sigh: "Well, I hope it'll do the poor soul good, but I hain't much faith in them new-fangled medicines."

A prison inspector having made a dull speech to the assembled convicts, asked a friend what he thought of it, who replied, "I think it was unconstitutional." "How so?" "Because the constitution provides that 'no cruel or unnatural punishment should be inflicted on prisoners.'"

Cook, just leaving: "I should like to ask you for a written character." Mistress: "Why, what am I to write, you idle, good-for-nothing creature? You surely don't expect me to say that you gave satisfaction?" Cook: "You need do nothing of the kind. Just say that I stayed with you three months; that will be the best character you could give me!"

A piece of old fashioned gallantry was eating lighted candle-ends in honor of a beloved mistress. This could only be done con amore by the Cossack, who, on arriving in Paris, exclaimed. "How ingenious the French are! They have invented sticks of soup with a thread to hold them by; you have only to put them in your mouth and pull; you don't lose a crumb."

"Is THAT really true?" Druggist: "Yes, madam, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is only 25 cents.

A bruise may result in an abscess if not promptly attended to. Apply Salvation Oil.

WHERE TO STUDY.—The air of a cellar is close, damp, musty, and vitiated; that of the house-top is clear, pure, and bracing. On the surface of the earth the atmosphere is cold, raw, and impure; on the mountains it is dry, rarefied, and health-giving.

The purer the air is, the more life does it impart to the blood, the more perfectly is the brain nourished, and the more vigorously does the mind work and the body move. Hence the "study" of the clergyman, the "office" of the physician and the lawyer, and the "library" of the family; the "sitting-room" of the household, and the "chamber" of every sleeper should always be in the upper stories, not merely for the greater purity of the air, but for a reason seldom thought of, and yet of very great sanitary value.

The higher we ascend, the more rarefied is the air, the greater bulk is required to impart a given amount of nourishment to the system; the greater rareness excites the instinct of our nature to deeper, fuller breathing, without any effort on our part, and this kind of breathing, as the reflecting must know, is antagonistic to consumption, that fell scourge of civilized society, which destroys full one-sixth of the adult population.

Hence the very suggestive remark of the distinguished naturalist, Buffon, "All animals inhabiting high altitudes have larger lungs and more capacious chests than those which live in the valleys."

In the same direction is the suggestive statement that in the city of Mexico, situated nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, of one hundred dying annually only three are from consumption; while in our larger cities, but few feet above the level of the sea, eighteen out of every hundred dead perish from that disease.

It should therefore be the aim of every student, of every sedentary person, of every invalid, to have the room in which a very large portion of the inactive part of life is spent as far above the ground-floor as practicable, and in such a situation as will allow the sun to shine into it for the longest portion of each day, for this rarefies the air still more, and still more aids in developing and expanding the lungs by the greater depth and fulness of breathing which the increased atmosphere rarity induces.

HOW EGGS ARE HATCHED.—People have an idea that the hen sits on the eggs for a certain, and when the time comes for hatching the chick bursts forth. There never was a greater mistake.

The chick, until liberated from the shell by outside aid, is as incapable of motion as if it formed a solid with the egg, which it nearly does. You might as well enclose a man in an iron boiler and tell him to get out of the shell without help.

The chick grows on the inside of the shell until at last the excrescence on the point of the beak of the bird presses against the inside of the shell, and burst up a very small scale.

Of course, when it does this, it at the time "breaks in that spot," the inside skin of the egg.

This admits the air; in a short time it breathes and gets strength to cry loudly.

The hen then sets to work to liberate it; she brings it forth under the feathers of the crop, and supporting it between the breast-bone and the nest, begins the work of setting it free. She hitches the point of her beak into the hole formed by the raising of the scale by the chick's beak, and breaks away the egg-skin or shell all round the greatest diameter of the egg.

The joint efforts of the hen without and the chick within then liberate the prisoner, and he struggles into existence and gets dry under the feathers and the natural heat of the hen.

All female birds, which set on their eggs to hatch them, have the hook in the beak strongly developed. Even the broad-billed duck and goose have those hooks specially developed, and with them they liberate their young.

In Australia, where everything seems to be by contraries, it is the cock of the brush turkeys that hatches the eggs, and not the hen.

It would be interesting to know whether the hook of the beak is better adopted for their service in the male bird than in the female.

The hook on the beak of the ordinary cock of the common fowl is quite different from that of the hen—it is adapted for wounding in fighting, but not for hatching of eggs.

A SIMPLE MINDED FARMER.—It is related of a simple-minded English gentleman that he recently went into a very French province, where the countrymen are also still men in uncracked nutshells. He took lodgings at a substantial farmer's, and went out every day, bringing back a considerable number of gold and silver coins.

Seeing the curiosity of the farmer aroused, the English gentleman said one day that his ancestor, a gentleman of the reign of Joan of Arc, had hidden a considerable number of gold and silver pieces in the farmer's grounds; that he (the English gentleman) had found the wealth, and there was yet much more to be got. He added to this the question—would the farmer go halves. It was only just, he continued, that he should do so, as it was on his land the money was found. The next thing was to value and divide. The farmer was content at the foolish English gentleman's low value on the gold coins of 30,000 francs, and to enable the English gentleman to travel more easily to Paris, as he could not be expected to do so comfortably with such a weight of coin, he went to his banker's in the neighboring town, and quite secretly, as advised, got 15,000 francs in bank-notes for the English gentleman. After an affectionate farewell, the English gentleman left for Paris, where he got his bank-notes cashed. Has any one seen the English gentleman? for, singularly enough, the ancient gold coins hidden by his ancestor in the reign of Joan of Arc are brass counterfeits, and the English gentleman is wanted to come back and exchange them for the 15,000 francs' worth of notes again.

VISITING IN CHINA.—A visit of ceremony is conducted with great politeness. Your card must be sent on before you by a special herald—a "ting-chai"—(the Chinese are well up in the fashion of cards, which they have long practised)—who should be dispatched in good time to allow of proper preparation by those who are to receive you.

Your rank being stated on your card, you are received according to it by the gentleman upon whom you call. He comes out a certain distance according to your rank; he bows and you bow, while each says "Chin chin," and you are invited in; but at every doorway he pauses and politely proposes you should precede him, which you decline as politely, and at last, after many protestations, he goes first, with some pretty apology.

When the room is entered, and each is seated, attendants enter with a cup of tea and sweetmeats, and the customary compliments are passed, begining with "Qua shing?"—"What is your honorable name?" "What is your honorable age?" and fifty questions which to us seem half rude and insulting; but this curiosity towards an honorable acquaintance is not considered at all so—indeed, it would be in a Chinese gentleman's eyes very rude not to make all these inquiries.

The orthodox half hour having passed, and the business (if any) to be transacted being over, the guest is conducted away towards the door with the same ceremony; and if of superior rank to his host, and he wishes to show him great respect and honor, he sees him to his sedan, and waits as he moves away, bowing profoundly, and exclaiming, "Chin chin!"

A WELL authenticated story is told of an ex-Mayor of Boston, who recently, in an apparently jocose manner, approached the foreman of a gang of twenty-five city laborers working on a street in Dorchester (a district of Boston), near property in which he was interested, and requested him to get the measurement of the feet of the not over-well shod men. The foreman looked up in astonishment, but the ex-Mayor said he meant it, and the list and measurements were taken. The next day the men were each in possession of a pair of new top boots.

VIVID WRITING.

A little descriptive piece entitled "Over the Guns," from the Detroit *Free Press*, of which we give a paragraph, reminds us that great advertisers, like H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's celebrated Safe Cure, might get a hint from it.

Here is the paragraph:

"Shoot to the right or left, over the guns or under them. Strike where you will, but strike to destroy. Now the hell surges down, even to the windows of the old farm-house—now back under the apple trees and beyond them. Dead men are under the ponderous wheels of the guns, mad devils are slashing and shooting across the barrels. No one seems to know friend from foe. Shoot, slash, kill and—

"But the hell is dissolved. The smoke is lifting, shrieks and screams grow fainter, and twenty or thirty living men pull the dead bodies away from the guns. Three hundred dead and wounded on the single acre. They tell of war and glory. Look over this hell's acre and find the letter." And in just as deadly a strife, though noiseless, are men falling at our right and left to-day. Is it war? Yes, war of the blood. Blood loaded with poison through imperfect kidney action. And is there no power to stop this awful slaughter? Yes, Warner's Safe Cure, a tried specific, a panacea that has brought life and hope to hundreds of thousands of dying men and women.

Be enlisted therefore, in the great army of living men and women who have been rescued from disease and premature death, and be eternally grateful that the means of life can so easily be yours.

FREE

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $35 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 10 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Hallett & Co., Box 751, Portland, Maine.

FREE

WOMAN'S EYES.—The eye is the inlet of love, there is a dumb eloquence, an unheard speech of feeling, an inexpressible, a complicated meaning in the different glances which shoot from it; and who can doubt that there is a mysterious connection between the eye and the soul, or who has failed to construe the thoughts from the eye?

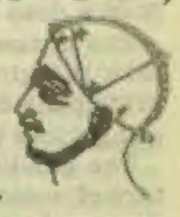
Speech may be bent to the softness of flattery, the tongue may forge what the heart contradicts, but rarely is it that the eye does not betray the inmost feeling truly. There is more meaning in one glance of the eye than in a stream of brilliant eloquence, for the eye may be termed the mirror on which is reflected all the contortions of thought and the workings of passion.

M. S.

Here is a day now before me; a day is a fortune and an estate; who loses a day loses life.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium" for a number of years, I cheerfully testify to its efficacy in removing dandruff and preventing the hair from falling out. It also renders the hair soft and lustrous.

MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 106 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1868.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleansing the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.

MRS. J. C. UHLE,
No. 413 Pine Street.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.

MRS. J. W. LODGE,
Marion Station, Montgomery Co, Pa.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "Tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.

Respectfully,
LEWIS S. COX.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

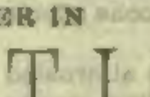
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

30 New Styles, Gold Oval, Hidden Name and Border Floral Cards, with name, 10 cts. 25 New samples every month 4 cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

PATENTS THOMAS P SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c.

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold to the Light Cards, One Pack Floral Cards, One Pack Fringe Cards, One Pack Chromo Cards, and a Package of Transparent Cards. If you send 2 cents for Sample Book of Visiting Cards, Eagle Card Works, Cadiz, O.



Name on 25 Fringe & Floral Cards 1 Album 300 Album Pictures, &c., 1 Love Pin, 1 Ring & Agt's large outfit, 10c. Glen Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and Fringe Cards. Sample of Hand Cards, Reward Cards, Chromos, Floral Cards, Transparent Cards, Motto Cards, Envelopes, Agents' Outfit, &c., all for a 3 cent stamp. HOME AND YOUTH, CADIZ, OHIO.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 60 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D.C.

A SUFFERER from errors of youth, wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address L. G. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,
DEALER IN
CARPETINGS,
939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

Latest Fashion Fancies.

The first importations of ginghams and zephyrs this year really seem to excel anything of the kind we have had heretofore. Stripes, plaids and checks are, as usual, the prevailing designs in ginghams, but of these there is an infinite variety; and all cotton dresses will be made this season of the same fabric throughout, and not in combination with a plain material. The colors are subdued and of the odd shades so popular in woolens, such as serpent green, queer grays, gobelin blue, russet brown and old rose, while a very pleasing novelty is an open-work lace stripe alternating with one of a solid color.

A peculiar weave, too, shows either the body or stripe in irregular dashes on another color or darker shade, thereby making the goods appear as though tiny twigs from a dead tree were scattered over them.

The satines display much brighter tints than the ginghams, while the designs are principally conventional figures and straggling vines thrown on a dark background.

The challis—which, however, are a mixture of cotton and wool—are in much the same styles, except they have dark figures on light backgrounds.

One of the most stylish novelties in white goods is a Victoria lawn that comes in skirt lengths, woven at the bottom so as to require no hemming, and bordered by many rows of wheels worked on the material in red, blue or pink, and filled in with lace work, thus forming a trimming five or six inches in depth, while narrower embroidery to match comes for the waist and sleeves.

Fringe is fast coming into favor as trimming for cloth dresses, jackets, tea gowns, and house sacques.

The heavily netted silk fringe like that on China crape shawls is most used on cloth and also on Bengaline dresses, trimming them directly across the foot of the front and sides of the skirt, also covering a plastron of lighter silk on the waist, being attached on the collar.

Cloth is also slit up in slender strips from four to six inches deep to form a foot trimming on dresses and on tea gowns, and a tiny silk ball is sometimes attached to each strand.

The jetted rain fringe formerly so much used, is set in large crescents at intervals on the petticoat-fronts of evening dresses, or else as a straight border at the foot, or in curved festoons: thus black jet crescents are very effective on the yellow Bengaline front and side breadths of a yellow brocaded trained skirt, and crystal or pearl fringe is placed straight across the foot of pale green or pale rose petticoats of crape or faille in demi-trained Bengaline skirts.

The corsage-polonaise is a model that is likely to be very popular this spring. These have their side forms, or back forms, prolonged in tabs that extend to the bottom of the dress skirt. The skirts in this case will usually be of silk, brocade or moire, and the corsage and tabs, or Directoire coat-tails, of a different color and fabric, velvet being first choice, and cloth and fine wool materials closely following in favor and use.

The corsage-polonaise does not require many yards of fabric; therefore a very handsome overdress may be formed at no great expense.

Beautiful little gold pins in flower and geometrical devices are sold in the shops; some studded with gems, small in size but genuine jewels. These pins are only large enough to catch together the airy folds of crepe or lisse at the throat. There are larger pins of like device, called "flower pins," to be used here and there upon the corsage to hold heavier draperies, to confine a large knot of ribbons or spray of flowers.

Bangle bracelets to match are frequently added, with a star, triangle, violet, lily of the valley, arbutus blossom or single-shaded rose petal, covered with tiny diamond dewdrops, upon the top of the slender gold cord forming the bracelet.

No wonder that some of the new striped and plaid gowns, with their extraordinary choice of loud and glaring contrasts in color, are "simple in cut," and that all garnitures are omitted. The dashing appearance of these dresses is emphasized by the style of the bodice, which is cut on the cross, making the broad figures everywhere bias.

Among the pretty dress bonnets used for the moment before the spring novelties appear are those of velvet, combined with Persian nets and laces in rich broche effects and colorings.

Gilt and silver laces are also alternated with new and pretty effect. The crowns are shirred or tucked, and the brims are covered with an odd in-and-out arrangement of puffs and rich folds of velvet in moss, olive, golden-brown, dove or mahogany.

Princesse dresses and classic clinging toilets in Grecian fashion will next season rival the Directoire and Empire styles for elegant evening wear, and also in modified forms for carriage and promenade costumes. The "Roland," the "Grecque," and the "Henri II" toques, severally, will accompany the Grecian dresses, and the ladylike and elegant princesse bonnet, of perennial favor, will be a fashionable and fitting accompaniment to the Princesse dress.

Whatever changes may take place in the style of the corsage in the near future there is yet, generally speaking, no such thing as a plain waist outside of Shakerdom or the movement.

All are draped or garnitured in some fashion on one or both sides down the centre, or combining the three styles on one corsage. A single rever or two still figure on many, infinitely varied on shapes or trimming.

No two bodices produced seem alike, and all testify to the inexhaustible fund of ingenuity, taste and originality of the modiste and tailor.

Jabots are made of the softest lisse in all colors, woven in a narrow width; the fabric cut down the centre and closely plaited, the selvedge forming the edge.

A new and handsome trimming placed on the hems of double cashmere gowns and soft cloth woolen stuffs is leather, and is either untanned of a beige hue, with embroidery of metal threads, or black morocco in a deep red ground.

All the patterns originate in the Empire modes. In fact the Empire is coming generally to the fore, and for young girls nothing is likely to be so much worn as the Empire styles, the sack almost covering the bust, the waist very short, the bows at the back of the waist reaching to the shoulder blades, and the bodice itself crossing back and front, the skirts undraped but trimmed towards the hem.

That which gives great variety to modern toilettes is that an upper skirt generally falls over an underflounced one, in separate panels, either loose or slightly draped, fastened here and there with a bow or ornament of passementerie.

Bodices are also made in very various styles; some are peaked, and some are round waisted; some are plain, and others finely plaited or fully gathered.

Wide sashes are draped round the waist and tied at the back or side.

This fashion of silk petticoats allows of making use of many a demodee dress. It is easy to make them up one's self, or any lady's maid can arrange one; one has but to choose from a silk dress or tunic of a former season those widths which are still good enough, and cut them from a good pattern into an underskirt.

By way of trimming, a lace flounce or a silk one divided by strips of lace insertion, a plain band of velvet or handsome galloon, in fact anything and everything that fancy may dictate.

Lockets are worn on watch chains by both men and women. These trinkets run small to medium in size, and are often set with small stones.

For mourning there are ebony balls ornamented with pearls, and filigree balls in black enamel set with diomonds.

Odds and Ends.

CLEANING AND HOME FURNISHING.

When a woman sets herself to obey the scriptural injunction, "Set thine house in order," in nine times out of ten she goes at it as if the lives of the family, and the fate of nations depended upon her getting it done at a certain time, and in so doing she gives herself a great deal of unnecessary hard work and causes the rest of the family to suffer much discomfort and inconvenience.

House-cleaning is an evil, a necessary evil if you will, and certainly by no means one of the minor evils of life; but like most of our troubles, we take it too hard, and in so doing increase instead of lessening the burden.

We know a woman whose way of managing this yearly occurence is so admirable that it is a blessing rather than a curse to her family, who hail it with delight, as a season of pretty and inexpensive economies in the way of house furnishing, or rather refurnishing the house by a series of ingenious surprises.

There is no bustle, no confusion, and no air of the house being turned out of doors generally.

All this is done as quietly and gradually as any process of nature.

On some rainy day in early spring, when visitors are not likely to intrude, an attack is made on the garret, every nook and corner of which is explored. Where, as in most city houses, there is no garret, but only a storeroom, this is still the proper starting point.

All bundles, bags, boxes and trunks and pegs full of old clothing, should be thoroughly overhauled, with a view both to ridding the premises of moths, and to the charitable disposition of such garments as can be spared.

Bureau drawers, wardrobes, closets and trunks throughout the house follow next in order, the dining-room and kitchen closets being left until just before those rooms are to be cleaned. The cleaning of a room is robbed of half its terrors when the closets are in order.

Then, beginning again at the top of the house, the spare room, if such there be, is first renovated, so that it may be used for each member of the family as he is turned out of his room.

If the carpet is not very dirty, it is allowed to go for another season; for the present it is simply thoroughly swept, and then wiped with a wet cloth wrung frequently from a suds of soap-bark or castile soap. Spots are removed by the use of oxgall or ammonia and water.

The walls, if papered, are brushed down with a broom, over which a soft old cotton cloth has been pinned.

This must be removed and shaken every few moments.

If the walls are painted, wash them down with a cloth rung out of warm water, with a tablespoonful of strong ammonia to each pailful of water. Use flannel for this purpose, and where the wall is much soiled, a little soap.

If there are any unsightly holes, fill them up with a mixture of one part plaster of paris and three parts of fine sand. Take a corresponding color from a child's box of paints, and mix enough to cover the spot.

All this, as well as the washing of paint and windows, may be done without taking up the carpet.

Almost the first thing that claims one's attention, when everything is rudely exposed to the light of the day, is the shabbiness of the wall paper, which never looks worse than by contrast with the dazzling white ceiling and the well-scrubbed floor. Often the old paper is susceptible of surgery with neat patchings.

If the paper has a firm, smooth surface, dirt spots may sometimes be removed by rubbing with breadcrumbs or an ordinary lead eraser.

Dusting the surface with magnesia, rubbing it off and repeating the process, will sometimes remove grease spots. These suggestions are only useful where the paper is not too badly soiled.

Where paint and paper are both worn and soiled past repair, you have a grand opportunity for displaying your taste and ingenuity.

If you are not quite sure you have the former you better take the advice of someone who has it.

As a rule, the coloring on the walls should at least harmonize without any rude contrasts. Small rooms are made to appear larger where the color and design of the paper is subdued and not very strongly marked.

The prevailing shade in the paper should be matched in the painting of the woodwork.

A dark room should be lightened with a cheerful paper, and for a too sunny room choose a paper that will give a cooling effect.

There are so many cheap but pretty papers of soft and neutral tints that there is no need to cover your walls with scarlet peacocks or blue and yellow morning glories as big as sunflowers.

It is all very well, says a New York paper, to talk about knowing how to kiss, of getting the entire worth out of a kiss; but our feminine friends can rest assured that the winner in this luscious game is the girl who does not know how to kiss any more than a pansy does, who awakens to the full value of a kiss with a start of flushed surprise, and who is a little bit afraid to try it again right away. Such timidity penetrates to the centre of a man's soul and sends him off to the florist's with a beating heart.

One Sunday as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day that you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like the day when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you do preach I always get a good seat."

Confidential Correspondents.

Anglo.—Cuba is 764 miles in length, with a breadth varying from 74 to 180 miles.

F. G. A.—"Mascot" is a person who is supposed to bring luck to those with whom the "Mascot" associates.

Forty-Five.—We have read of a singer breaking his collar-bone through dwelling on a high note, and anatomists say such a thing is possible.

Mrs. M. A. A.—We thank you cordially for your good opinion of The Post. We may republish the story you speak of, but cannot well fix the time, when.

Edward.—There is nothing to prevent you from an examination by the Civil Service authorities at its sittings, except a want of confidence in your ability to pass through successfully.

Tiptonian.—To destroy cockroaches, crickets, etc., take a teacupful of well-bruised plaster of Paris, mixed with double the quantity of oatmeal, to which add a little sugar; then strew it on the floor or in the chinks where they frequent.

G. S. S.—Bread is said to be adulterated with alum, chalk, plaster of Paris, potatoes, burnt bones, and a variety of other substances to make it whiter, and to add to its weight; any of these ingredients make it indigestible and less nutritious.

Constant.—The pain down the back of the thigh which you describe as starting from the hip joint may be sciatica. If so, you will find the application of warmth serviceable. A flatiron, heated as hot as you can bear it, should be rubbed along the course of the pain.

Puzzled.—Young ladies do not accept presents from strangers. Even as regards acquaintances, the rule is so strict that the parental permission is required. It is a breach of good manners to attempt to break through established etiquette. Endeavor to obtain an introduction to the family in the ordinary gentlemanly way.

Red Hand.—"Fee simple" is a law term, and means an absolute estate—that is, one vested in a man and his heirs generally, i. e., his heirs both lineal and collateral, male and female. The word "fee" in law signifies any estate of inheritance; and "fee simple" is used to distinguish it from other estates, such as "fee tail," and "fee farm," which are conditional.

Scot.—Relics of the celebrities of the olden times are doubtful articles. Such things have been and are manufactured to order in any quantity and any style. We do not remember to have read or heard of any relating to your hero, Sir William Wallace. There may be some in the old castles of Scotland. According to the accounts handed down to us, Wallace was of very tall stature and robust build.

Glass.—To gild on glass, mix powdered gold with thick gum-arabic and powdered borax. With this trace the design on the glass, and then bake it in a hot oven. Thus the gum is burnt, and the borax is vitrified at the same time the gold is fixed on the glass. To make powdered gold—rub down gold-leaf with pure honey on a marble slab, wash the mixture, and the "precipitate" is the gold used.

White V.—When the gentleman has been formally introduced to you, and the acquaintance has the sanction of your parents, there will be time enough to think seriously about his "pointed looks," and his ability to maintain a wife. As to his having been a trifle unsteady, that may be overlooked in the presence of his reformation. He is thirty, you say—just the age, according to the poet Young, when a man begins to "suspect himself a fool," and commences rapidly to turn over fresh leaves in his conduct.

Aline.—Matter intended for the press you should always arrange exactly as it is to appear. Take a copy of The Post or any other paper, and observe how the printed lines are set. Save that the one is in writing and the other in type, the manuscript and the printed page should resemble each other thoroughly. This applies to quotation, paragraph, and all other marks of punctuation. Of two stories equally good as to ideas and language the one that is best arranged for the printer, will always be preferred. Write also only on one side of the sheet and if possible, use a rather small, not too small, size of paper.

B. S. S.—To bleach skeletonized leaves the following process is generally adopted: A tablespoonful of solution of chloride of lime is mixed with a quart of water, and poured into a wide-mouthed bottle; into this the leaves are put, stem downwards, for the reason that the bleaching process commences at the bottom of the bottle, and the stem takes the longest time. A cover is made for the top of the bottle, which is put in a warm place. The contents should be examined from time to time, and directly the leaf is quite white it should be removed; if allowed to remain too long it will become brittle. When bleached the leaves are placed in clean tepid water, dried, and pressed.

G. G.—Petroleum oil, especially in the crude state, is found to be of great value in destroying insects—slugs, ants, caterpillars, and other mischievous creatures. The petroleum is mixed with water in the proportion of from an ounce to half an ounce to a pint of water in ordinary cases; but when applied to fruit-trees or delicate plants, the quantity of the oil is still further diminished. A very weak solution applied to cherry-trees with a watering-pot is said to be completely efficacious against the larvæ of the cockchafer. A strong solution poured into the holes and down walls infested by insects is sure to kill them rapidly. It may also be mentioned that rats and mice quit places in which petroleum is stored.

Amy and Mary.—To remove wrinkles, crows'-feet, lines, etc., when presenting themselves prematurely, or when the results of severe illness, as well as to ward them off at any time of life when they may be expected to show themselves, several essential points must be observed. The face should be well bathed in cold water every morning, winter as well as summer, by means of a sponge. Very mild soap should be used in washing the face previous to the bathing. The oftener cold water is applied to the face the better. If any roughness of the skin ensues, a little cold cream should be applied at night to remove it. Then, again, as much exercise as can be conveniently taken in the open air in the daytime every day is to be practiced. The diet must be generous, but wholesome. Plenty of substantial food should be taken, with port wine, stout, or porter. Vinegar, pickles, and other acids, must be avoided.